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THE Spirit of Missions

Vol. LXXXVI

SEPTEMBER, 1921

No. 9

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BISHOP MOULTON CROSSING THE WHITEROCKS RIVER
See page 567

The Spirit of Missions

CHARLES E. BETTICHER, Editor

VOL. LXXXVI

September, 1921

No. 9

THE PROGRESS OF THE KINGDOM

Watch Utah! "THEY said it couldn't be done, so we did it". Bishop Moulton's description of the trip down to the Uinta Reservation is the first word we have had from Utah for a long time. His account of the journey, his vivid details, his picture of the country, his story of difficulties overcome—all make the trip our trip, and make us glad and proud in the fact that "they said it couldn't be done, so we did it!" One feels that these words are the keynote of the spirit which inspires our new leader and his associates in this district. It is a spirit which finds joy in difficult service and which will accomplish great things. To paraphrase Bishop Moulton's words, "Watch Utah!"

And aside from the service they were rendering others, what glories of nature called them! As Bishop Moulton says: "More than once I thought it must be Switzerland—but it was always Utah. Utah with its snow tips. Utah with its wide-striped, red-faced, sober-gray, steeple-pointed, purple-shaded mountains. Utah with its tumbling streams, muddy green torrents and blue lakes. Utah with its roads chiseled out of the mountains, circling through the canyons, pushing their gray spirals over the peaks. Utah with its blue bells, green meadows, abundant valleys, standing so thick with corn that they laugh and sing; white lilies; red, pink, orange, white, yellow cactus; birches, mountain cedars, firs, poplars, sage. Utah with its meadow larks, turtle doves, magpies, blue birds, wild canaries, red-winged, yellow-winged, red-headed, yellow-headed blackbirds, sage hens and sea gulls. Utah with its rabbits, prairie dogs, gophers and mules—what is there to do but to take off one's hat to a glory never beheld elsewhere? Green intervals, snowy mountains, gray deserts, red banks, vernal hills, spiral roads, rocks and cliffs, creeks and brooks whirling in and out, eagles and eagles and eagles, the wonderful reservoir, the divide with its overwhelming panorama (we had a snowball fight here) and the narrow, steep, dangerous canyon road far up over the Diamond Creek—what shall I more say? Provo at six-thirty, Salt Lake at ten—and the next day was Sunday."

The next day was Sunday. Sunday with its special occasion to worship God. Sunday with its opportunity to serve men. Sunday with its giving of thanks for the blessed privilege of being a co-worker with God. Surely God is good.

The Progress of the Kingdom

MISS EMERY'S book, *A Century of Endeavor*, has gone to press and will be ready by October first. It contains a multitude of facts assembled with painstaking care and comes as a storehouse of information. Being a history of the first hundred years of the Domestic and Foreign **A Century of Endeavor** Missionary Society of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States of America, the major portion of the book deals with the years 1821-1921. Two chapters, however, are given to antecedent history: *The Colonial Days*, 1607-1784; and *The Nation's Early Years*, 1785-1820.

Bishop Lloyd in his foreword writes that "the Church in America will not be slow to recognize its increased debt to Miss Emery for having added to her labors through long years of joyful service this bit of painstaking research.

"This would be manifest if she had done nothing more than make available the story told by the Church's records of the efforts made through the years to find a way by which the Church might do something for those who need spiritual help.

"But our debt to her is very much increased because she has not yielded to the temptation to tell again the story of the great things which have been accomplished in spite of the blindness and unbelief of the people of our Lord Christ; but has held herself to the task of letting the records show the steady if slowly increasing consciousness of the Church as it has come to recognize itself as the Body of Christ, through which He will complete the purpose of His Incarnation."

In sending the copy to the printer, as it has been our privilege to do, we have felt at times that not enough emphasis has been placed upon the fact that God *has* worked through us, and that rather much has been made of our slowness to see and failure to accept opportunities to serve God and our fellows. In her preface, however, Miss Emery explains this when she writes:

"Seeing so much remaining to be accomplished, and feeling the new organization under whose leadership the new century has opened to be but the forerunner of an ideal still before us, I have called this a record of endeavor rather than of achievement, believing this is no time to rest upon anything which has gone before, but rather one in which to take each past experience as a starting point for future effort and a help with which to meet the problems and duties of the years to come.

"If in this history I have dwelt too much upon the ways of men and too little on the over-ruling and controlling hand of God, I pray that He may put it into His people's hearts to see how in all things He is content to work through men, and to give them, if they only will, their full share with Him in His Kingdom's coming on the earth."

In addition to all the rest, Miss Emery has prepared a Chronological Table, a Statistical Table, and a Table of the Growth of the Church by Dioceses, all of which will be of the greatest value.

A Century of Endeavor. God's record shows also much that has been accomplished. And in entering this new century of opportunity we cannot do better than make our prayer in the words Miss Emery has chosen that God "may put it into His people's hearts to see how in all things He is content to work through men, and to give them, if they only will, their full share with Him in His Kingdom's coming on the earth."

Thy Kingdom come.

Thy will be done on earth,

As it is in heaven.



One Hundred Years



CENTENNIAL

Domestic and Foreign Missionary Society
1821-1921

ONE HUNDRED YEARS!



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ONE HUNDRED YEARS!

In this century, in spite of our weakness, what great things God has permitted us to do in His Name!

The second objective suggested by the committee of arrangements for the Centennial of the Domestic and Foreign Missionary Society—after the securing of one hundred missionaries by Easter, 1922—is to complete the enrollment of the first one hundred thousand proportionate givers by the same date.

ONE HUNDRED YEARS!



What Hath God Wrought





SANCTUARY OF MISSIONS

GOD is working His purpose out,

As year succeeds to year:
God is working His purpose out.
And the time is drawing near;
Nearer and nearer draws the time,
The time that shall surely be,
When the earth shall be filled with
the glory of God
As the waters cover the sea.

All we can do is nothing worth,
Unless God blesses the deed;
Vainly we hope for the harvest-tide,
Till God gives life to the seed;
Yet nearer and nearer draws the
time,
The time that shall surely be,
When the earth shall be filled with
the glory of God
As the waters cover the sea.

—Edward White Benson.



THANKSGIVINGS

WE thank Thee—

For the one hundred years
of the Domestic and Foreign Mis-
sionary Society and its countless
opportunities for service. (Page
564.)

For the work which the bishop
of Utah and his helpers are privi-
leged to do in Thy Name. (Page
567.)

For the “three great days” at
Hiroasaki. (Page 585.)

For the opportunity of service
among the Ojibway Indians. (Page
589.)

For the increasing care with
which both missionaries from
abroad and the Chinese them-
selves are prepared to serve Thee.
(Pages 593, 599.)

For the increased interest in
Summer Conferences. (Pages
595-598.)

INTERCESSIONS

WE pray Thee—

To grant that the Centen-
nial of the Domestic and Foreign
Missionary Society may in Thy
good providence, result in greatly
increased interest in the mission-
ary work of Thy Church. (Page
565.)

To bless the bishop of Utah and
his co-workers. (Page 567.)

That the Church at home may
hear and respond to the Voice of
Africa. (Page 577.)

To guide those of Haiti who
minister to their fellow country-
men. (Page 588.)

To bless those who have gone
forth in Thy Name. (Page 603.)

To bless the work of Saint
Margaret's School, Tokyo. (Page
619.)



CENTENNIAL PRAYER

O GOD, Heavenly Father, Who
would have all men to be saved
and come to the knowledge of the
Truth; We give Thee thanks and
praise for the service Thy Church
has rendered to mankind, and es-
pecially for the missionary progress
of the past one hundred years.

Glorious art Thou, O Lord God,
and wonderful is the grace and
virtue which Thou hast manifested
in the lives of Thy Saints, who
have carried the Gospel to the
people of all lands. Grant us, we
pray Thee, such a measure of their
faith and power that we may
serve Thee acceptably in our ge-
neration, and that, in Thy good time,
all nations may be saved and the
earth be full of the knowledge of
the Lord, as the waters cover the
sea; Through Jesus Christ, our
Lord, to Whom, with Thee and the
Holy Ghost, be all honor and
glory, world without end. Amen.

—Thos. F. Gailor.

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THE SUPERB PORTAL OF THE ROCKIES—CASTLE GATE

ON THE WAY TO THE UINTA RESERVATION

By Bishop Moulton

IT was our second trip into the Uinta country. Never again shall there be such a long interval between trips. This time it could not be helped. The bishop's party included the Reverend George H. Thomas, rector of Saint Paul's, Chicago, his son, Arthur Thomas, Mrs. Mary Sutton Ramsdell who was to join Miss Camfield at Whiterocks, the Reverend W. F. Bulkley, who drove the car and acted as general guide and director. In the other car, the car we were taking down to the Reverend M. M. Fryer of Roosevelt, were Miss Camfield and Johnnie, and Mr. Kenneth Bleecker of New York, who drove the car.

The distinguished party left Salt Lake at half-past seven Friday morning the tenth of June. Provo was the first stop on the programme. There was a stop not on the programme and

that was just below Murray when a tire blew. Happily the machine came to a standstill at the very spot where a good-natured horse had cast a shoe. We picked up said shoe and changing our wheel sped on to Provo. Provo is a capital city. Here we ate a second breakfast prepared for us by Mrs. Bulkley with her usual hospitality. Here we loaded on the shovel and stove. Here we loaded on the gun for Arthur Thomas. Here we loaded on the water and canned goods and started for Thistle. The route as planned lay through Thistle, Soldier Summit, Colton, Castle Gate to Duchesne. The schedule held as far as Castle Gate. Fault of the car; it couldn't make the grade without stopping to breathe. Nobody cared much, though. It is too long a trip to make Duchesne in one day. Besides you



WHERE WE HELD SERVICES AT CASTLE GATE

do not get a chance to take in the wonderful scenery. This trip was full of thrills. Thrills began after we left Colton. Instead of going through what Mr. Bulkley called the park we took the Price Canyon road. This road at this particular time had hazards in it. At any time it is a dashing mountain road full of hairpin turns, just clinging to the mountainsides and furnishing a balcony for the Price River escarpment. On the trip, however, the roads were full of holes and water: a cloudburst had been through that way a few days before. There was very little traveling over that road. But we went over it, twenty miles an hour now and then: half a mile an hour now and again. Did you ever try walking round the eaves of a twenty-story building, or on a tight rope? Either one of these resembles the Price Canyon road. You cling to the mountainside and feel sorry for any machine that may be coming in the opposite direction: you cling to the car and wonder how many turns it would require to reach the rushing river below. But all this made the road worth while. There is nothing any better

in the scenery line—scenery without just a little bit of the spice of peril is not real scenery. However, here in Utah you have to qualify every remark you make about this or that road or canyon or valley or mountain being the best. Just as you have used up the English language describing this place, the road turns, or you come upon another vale, or you find yourself facing the portals of Castle Gate, or you are staring at a glorious mountain range, or your car takes you through gardens of brilliant cactus and you are spellbound.

We reached Castle Gate about five o'clock with Duchesne fifty good miles away and not down hill. Here we held council. What had become of Miss Camfield? We expected to overtake them at Soldier Summit, they having left Provo some two hours before we did—they being in a Ford. So far they had kept their distance. At Colton shrewd inquiry discovered the fact that they had passed through that way station one hour before. We should catch them at Castle Gate. It was our duty to catch them because we had some lunch for them. But



INDIAN CREEK CANYON ROAD

they were not at Castle Gate. We went on to Helper, but they were not at Helper. We drove back to Castle Gate, but they were not at Castle Gate. We therefore determined to get a snack and push on to Duchesne, whither it was probable the elusive Miss Camfield had led the way. So we found our old friends, Mr. Martin, Doctor McDermott and Miss Fitzsimmons; got a good square meal; drove down to Helper once more just to make sure; made sure and retraced our wheel tracks for the third or fourth time to Castle Gate; decided to leave Mrs. Ramsdell at the Castle Gate Hospital with our nurse, Miss Fitzsimmons, who like many others comes from Lawrence, Massachusetts; then we went back to Helper! Nice hotel here run by an Italian gentleman. Nice breakfast the next morning, June eleventh, in restaurant conducted by a Greek gentleman. And then back, or forward, to Castle Gate to see what had become of Miss Camfield and chauffeur. Castle Gate is superb. There is nothing in the West—except, as I say, in Utah—to compare with it.

Well, we left it: we passed through that titanic entrance for about the twelfth time and started up Willow Creek with Miss Camfield's lunch. On the whole it was well the corporate wisdom of the party decided against making Duchesne the night before. When should we have reached there? It took us all day of the eleventh to do it.

What a trip that is up the hill to the summit, down the hill to the dale! A great road, with a cunningly devised hole here and a strategically concealed rut there, but a great road—turning and twisting, doubling over on itself; way down below behind you winding away as if it had never been your road; way up in the air ahead of you circling the far-off cliff and apparently bearing no relation to you.

We stopped on the summit for lunch and ate it. It was Miss Camfield's and it tasted good. It was our obvious duty, if we couldn't find Miss Camfield, to save her lunch at least, so up there in the air—eight thousand feet in the air (geographical feet)—we devoured it.

On the Way to the Uinta Reservation

Five o'clock that afternoon saw us drive into Duchesne. But Miss Camfield was not in Duchesne. It was not many minutes though before our fears and anxieties were relieved by the appearance of her chauffeur, Mr. Bleeker of New York, who informed us that his car, a Ford, had arrived at Duchesne the night before per schedule and that he had driven Miss Camfield into Whiterocks that morning. He meant that he had driven her as near to Whiterocks as he could get. He drove until he found himself in the Whiterocks river up to the seat, and let the Indians take her the rest of the way on in the saddle.

The next morning was Sunday, June twelfth. Services were planned at the church and were carried out as planned. Many were kept away from the services by the rapidly rising river which it was feared would carry away the bridge and we knew not what else. But we had the services just the same. Mr. Thomas addressed the Sunday School—a faithful little group of lovely children; Mr. Bulkeley and the bishop took Morning Prayer and Holy Communion, and the bishop preached a sermon on joy in religion. Look over your Bibles and see the great part that joy plays in it—try the Psalter for example. After the service the bishop baptized a baby. Well, they gave us a good time as they always do there; the Axelgardes took us all in for Sunday dinner; we had gallons of milk to drink; we promised to drop in on our way back; then cranked the car for Myton and Roosevelt.

This trip from Duchesne to Roosevelt is memorable for two things. One, Arthur Thomas shot a rabbit; two, we pulled the Reverend M. J. Hersey out of the mud, where he probably would remain in *saecula saeculorum* if we had not happened along. Referring to number one for a moment, young Mr. Thomas is a dead shot from Chicago. He borrowed Bill Bulkeley's rifle to show us Westerners what could

be done in that line of endeavor. He fortified himself with four boxes of cartridges, he used up everyone of them, and he killed one rabbit which we ate at Roosevelt. What he was really after was prairie dogs. It was interesting to see the prairie dogs scamper after the bullet when it passed them. If you have seen prairie dogs you know how straight they sit up with their hands folded in their laps as contentedly as any woman after a week's washing. We journeyed among them in our armored car but there was no noticeable increase in mortality among prairie dogs. I suppose in Chicago they shoot at elephants: that must have been the way that young Mr. Thomas earned his record. Referring to number two. Mr. Hersey had been in Myton for a big morning service. We met for a few moments in the plaza at Myton and then he left us. Mr. Hersey drives like Jehu and naturally left us far in the rear. We caught him, however, at the bench. There had been a sharp shower which had stirred up the road into a fine state of elastic and slippery consistency. Mr. Hersey drove into it, slewed around and discovered himself headed for Myton again. Vernal being his destination he endeavored to head his Dodge in that direction and slipped into the gutter by the roadside. He wasn't the only one, nine cars came along and tried to do the same thing. They all succeeded in one way or another, but Mr. Hersey was the most successful. The resourceful Mr. Bulkeley always carries shovel and tow line and after an hour or two we showed Mr. Hersey the way home.

And so we came to Roosevelt. Mr. Bulkeley returned to Myton for service and the rest of us settled down in the town that takes its name for our stalwart American. We always put up in Roosevelt at the Travellers' Rest. They treat you right there. Meals at any and all hours, go to bed



TRINITY CHURCH, ROOSEVELT

at any time and get down to breakfast just before supper if you so desire. Apparently nothing is too good for the missionaries. Here in this active city is Trinity Church, of which the Reverend M. M. Fryer is rector. Here an attractive rectory is being built and some day we shall put up a parish house. Well, here we had a wonderful service. Everybody adjourned to the church. The Mormons sent down a choir of thirty voices, good voices too, and they sang for us, two or three anthems and some rousing hymns. There were upwards of one hundred and sixty people in the church. Every inch of space was taken. They were standing up in the doorway and out in the church yard. The bishop preached, baptized two and confirmed four. There is no question but that our work is going in Roosevelt. Watch it.

After a good short night's rest we departed for Whiterocks. Whiterocks is where Miss Camfield is, whither she had preceded us, and whither Mrs. Ramsdell was bound. Whiterocks is where our principal Indian station is and Whiterocks is where we were go-

ing. They said we could not get there. They told us that all along the line. From time to time we met groups who informed us that the bridges were all down and that Whiterocks could not be attained. We said it could. We were correct. Natives know a good deal but they don't know it all. They assumed that we intended to go all the way in our auto: we did, if possible, but if impossible we intended to go some other way. We intended to go. Everybody was game. The morning and afternoon passed pleasantly along until we reached the Whiterocks road. Here men were at work on the roads and told us bluntly that it was impossible to get over to the town of Whiterocks. We gaily replied that we were going to Whiterocks—just as Napoleon said he was going over the Alps. So the car pushed on.

At two-thirty or thereabouts we reached the first crossing. It was full of water: it was a mudhole of generous dimensions. Our scouts stuck their feet in it and said it could be crossed. We left the car with Mr. Bulkley in it and told him to let her



CASTLE GATE

"There is nothing like it—except in Utah!"



PART OF THE CONGREGATION AT DUCHESNE

drive as Saint Paul once said. He let her drive and went into the mud and water with a vengeance. It was a good try but by the time we got him out it was five o'clock. Comes now a young cloud burst. Personnel, Bulkley, two Thomases (nothing doubting), Mrs. Ramsdell, Fryer and son, Mr. Bleeker of New York and bishop. A council decided that, the car being safe for the time being, we ought to eat. Eat we did under the weeping willows and the big rain drops. Mrs. Ramsdell fanned the flames and warmed the beans and we had a picnic. After lunch was served someone evolved the happy idea of letting the Ford haul out the Oldsmobile, said Olds being up to the hubs in mud. So the same rope which had pulled Mr. Hersey out of the slough of despond was tied on to Mr. Ford's invention. Knee deep in the mud and water we all lent a willing shoulder with the result that the Olds pulled the Ford into the hole with us. It began to look as though the cowboys might be right and that we should not get to Whiterocks. So Mr. Thomas and the bishop started

out to reconnoitre. We went over the pool and pressed on towards the river which we could hear roaring in the distance. Our venture brought to light an Indian's house and two strong horses. Indian knew us, gave us a warm welcome and placed his horses at our disposal. It took those horses just about one minute to drag that machine of ours out of the mudhole. Another council was then held and it was decided that the car should be driven up to Mr. Thomas Montes's house, and left there until we should call for it—for we were going to Whiterocks for service that night.

They said we could not do it. But we did it. Our Indian friend Montes has some good horses. He placed them at our disposal and said that if we wanted to try our luck on crossing the river he would help us. We wanted to. Being ahead of the rest of the party who went with the car George Thomas and the bishop took a horse and mounted it, following Montes. The bishop sat in the saddle and the Chicago rector sat behind him. The bishop had the stirrups; the poor

On the Way to the Uinta Reservation



SAINT ELIZABETH'S, WHITEROCKS

rector had nothing but his heels. He jabbed those heels into the horse to some purpose, however, and we started into the torrent. The river was a flood that did not make us glad one bit. But we had our Indian with us and we were going to stick to the horse. It was a wide, wide river to cross. Deeper and deeper it became. The horse felt his way and each step took him nearer his bridle. The game in cases like this is to look up. I did not know the game and looked down. It seemed as if that water was carrying us into the Gulf of California at a mile a minute. Saint Paul's rector assured his companion that if he, rector, slipped off he would not pull the other with him and so we sailed on. We got there. Those horses were sure-footed and they knew how to do it. I do not think they liked it. We got there and were greeted with grunts of approval by the Indians who had come out to see the fun.

The serious question now was as to how the rest of the episcopal party would handle it. Soon they came in view. Evidently it was excitement for the town because the town came with them. You have to take your hats off to Mrs. Ramsdell. She was the first one over. Montes preceded her and two cowboys rode down stream with

their lassoes ready to catch her when she fell off the horse or the horse lost his footing. Nothing happened. She went over like a major. Next was Mr. Bulkley. With suit case on his saddle, arms around it, pipe securely in his teeth he crossed in triumph never letting his pipe go out. Our young Chicago lad was the last over and there was no difficulty in his passage; he *liked* it—it reminded him of crossing the Chicago streets. And so we got over.

They said it couldn't be done, so we did it. And we did it on schedule too. The mail man could not make it but the Gospel men made it. They did not expect us at the mission but there we were. A horse and wagon essaying the same trip afterwards were carried away and lost and Montes nearly drowned. But we made it, and it was worth it because at the service which followed John Duncan was confirmed. Only one, but a lion. John is one of the principal men of the tribe and his confirmation means much to our work. You may see his portrait on the cover. He is a real Indian as well as a good Churchman.

After a night and morning at Saint Elizabeth's we left them and went back to the mainland. The same way? Sure. It was the only way we could get back. We crossed without event and drove to Fort Duchesne, where we were scheduled to hold services. Before the service the generous people at the fort gave us a fine party at Naylor's Hotel, after which we drove to the fort. Here we held an impressive service. It was Flag Day and gave us an excellent chance to say a word about the need of character, Christian character, in the nation. After the service they gave us another reception, a fine spread and a genial time. There is lots of enthusiasm here. Everybody was out. You must watch Fort Duchesne, too.

Back to Roosevelt for a night at the Travellers' Rest. Everybody



"THEY SAID WE COULDN'T DO IT—SO WE DID!"

wanted a rest. The next day saw us on the way to Vernal to lodge with Mr. Hersey for a day or so. It is a good place to lodge. Here we held services, addressed the Vernal Commercial Club (Mr. Thomas made a great hit). Here we cropped the rector's lawn, spoke to the Boys' Club and the Girls' Friendly Society. This was our last stand. We could not make Randlett. There was a river and it had burst its bounds and it had separated the church from the town. If we went to the church no one could get to us: the town could meet us at the fort. So we passed the church this time. We were on the way there—but we didn't get there. We drove confidently up to the Randlett bridge only to find that twenty feet of approach had been washed away. Council once again. First we decided to drive around through Colorado: disapproved. Second, we suggested going up through Wyoming: disapproved. Third, we decided to whisk back to Vernal as the ideal and only way and place: unanimous and back we went. Hersey knew we should return and was waiting for us. An-

other great night. They told us in town that they would have the bridge repaired for us at five o'clock the next afternoon. We had our doubts, for it was a big job. But we were there all the same and at ten minutes after five we crossed that bridge. We were the first ones to cross. Had we been ten minutes earlier the day before we should have been the last ones to cross. The rivers certainly worked havoc with the Basin this spring.

Another night at Travellers' Rest where you cannot pay for a thing. Another nice supper at Travellers' Rest and we started on the return trip, making Duchesne for the night. It was a pleasant ride in, cool and dusty. Now and then a rabbit poked his head out of the sage and our Chicago lad missed him. You ought to take a ride over those roads in the night time: it is fun. Everything looks different, and feels different. You cannot always trace the way and detect the bumps and humps and slumps. We reached Duchesne in time to go to bed and the next morning after a call with the Reverend Mr. Pond we let her drive for Provo. It is dif-



ON THE DIVIDE—STRAW HATS AND SNOWBANKS

ficult for the writer to describe this last lap. We came up through the Strawberry and down through Diamond Fork and if there is anything more superb, more glorious anywhere, it is not in America. It was cold, but we were prepared for that. The winds blew right off the icy mountains but the scenery warmed us to a glow. All kinds of it rose to view. One raves over the scenery and wonders why the citizens of Utah do not play it up more. Down East where I used to live you hear all about the wonders of Colorado and California but nothing of Utah. Now Utah has something to talk about and we ought to begin. Let the press agents tell the truth about Utah and tourists will hurry out of Colorado and never get to California. You look upon all sorts and varieties of scenery. More than once I thought it must be Switzerland—but it was always Utah. Utah with its snow tips. Utah with its wide-striped, red-faced, sober grey, steeple-pointed, purple-shaded mountains. Utah with its tumbling streams, muddy green torrents and blue lakes. Utah with its

roads chiseled out of the mountains, circling through the canyons, pushing their grey spirals over the peaks. Utah with its blue bells, green meadows, abundant valleys, standing so thick with corn that they laugh and sing; white lilies; red, pink, orange, white, yellow cactus; birches, mountain cedars, firs, poplars, sage. Utah with its meadow larks, turtle doves, magpies, blue birds, wild canaries, red-winged, yellow-winged, red-headed, yellow-headed blackbirds, sage hens and sea gulls. Utah with its rabbits, prairie dogs, gophers and mules—what is there to do but to take off one's hat to a glory never beheld elsewhere? Green intervals, snowy mountains, gray deserts, red banks, vernal hills, spiral roads, rocks and cliffs, creeks and brooks whirling in and out, eagles and eagles and eagles, the wonderful reservoir, the divide with its overwhelming panorama (we had a snow-ball fight here) and the narrow, steep dangerous canyon road far up over the Diamond Creek—what shall I more say? Provo at six-thirty, Salt Lake at ten—and the next day was Sunday.



BOYS OF BENDOO SCHOOL

"Many hundreds of children are waiting to be taught"

THE VOICE OF AFRICA

By the Reverend Elwood L. Haines

SITUATED directly north of the famous Vai tribe of Liberia is the territory of the numerous and powerful Golah people, among whom no Christian work had been attempted until the opening of our station at Bahlohmah less than a year ago. Having no ethnological connection with the other tribes inhabiting Liberia, the problem of their origin has long been a puzzling one. Some think that they are the descendants of the ancient Ethiopians, numbers of whom wandered coastward from the direction of the Sudan many centuries ago. They are a keen, energetic and aggressive race, the agricultural mainstays of the republic, and yet they have heretofore vigorously opposed as has no other tribe the advances of civilization. Several times they have rebelled against the government, and even now their country lies

more or less in ruins from the effects of a recent refractory war. Yet the very difficulty of winning them has been an irresistible attraction to the Christian missionary, although the previous limitation of our work to the coast has made it impossible for him to respond to the call. Today, with the opening of several interior stations as a prospect of the near future, the importance of this part of un-Christian Liberia reasserts itself, almost in the nature of a demand. And somehow God is miraculously clearing the way of prejudice and distrust, for constantly the appeal is coming to our missionaries from various sections of the Golah district to send them Christian teachers, despite the fact that the tribe is predominantly Moslem. It was in the endeavor to gain a definite estimate of this opportunity that we recently made



CIEFFO DUMO, CHIEF OF BENDOO
The home of Mr. Haines is seen at left

a short trip through the large territories of the Konyeh and Gorgeh Golahs, thence through the region occupied by the Pochbah Golahs, and returning by way of the Tawor section of the Vais. Our journey was an inspiring one and, contrary to what the stranger would expect in a district little traversed by the white man, the friendliness and hospitable consideration we met with everywhere were all one could desire.

Leaving Bendo on Maundy Thursday, we took the northbound trail with the double purpose of spending Easter at our new station at Bahlohmah, in the Konyeh Golah country, and pushing forward into the Gorgeh district, which has suffered greatly from the late war between the Golahs and government forces. After passing through Gornh, the last town of the Garruluh section of the Vais, we suddenly found our-

selves in the midst of a land veritably flowing with palm-oil and honey, with chicken, fresh meat, eggs and many other delicacies present in abundance. We arrived at Bahlohmah on the afternoon of Good Friday, and were heartily welcomed by Miss Seaman and her girls, whom we discovered to be unusually good cooks. The next few days were busy ones, indeed. Services were held in several of the neighboring towns, and the Feast of Easter was appropriately observed in Bahlohmah with five goodly and appreciative congregations. It was an inspiring experience to tell the wonderful Easter story to people the majority of whom were hearing it for the first time. And what a pleasure it was to hear their voices raised in praise to God in the native version of Hymn 112:

Jesus Christ ah kah mah wohleh,
Muah Zozoh tala zenneh-lamu,
Ah wah mu keh E mah Krossiah mah
Jang kahla muah kumahkah koah.
Ho-Yo!

Easter Monday found us on the trail shortly after daybreak, bound for Yangirah, the largest surviving town in the Gorgeh country. After crossing the Loffa River, which is the natural boundary between the Konyeh and Gorgeh peoples, we were appalled by the widespread desolation and the increasing scarcity of towns and population. The roads were also very poor, being encumbered with stumps and stones and consequently very trying to the tenderfoot. Often it was difficult to distinguish the trail, and had it not been for our guide, who maintained an unhesitating pace, we could not have reached our destination before nightfall. Yangirah, which is the residence of the paramount chief, proved to be a large and attractive town composed for the most part of the small, circular, white-washed houses that are quite typical of the Golahs. The reception we met with here was characteristic of our experience throughout our journey. Our first duty upon entering the town was



THE COMMISSARIAT DEPARTMENT

The men have brought in a load of fish and a wild hog

to state to the chief and his counselors the object of our visit, whereupon comfortable quarters and a good meal of chicken and rice were provided us. Although Mohammedanism is quite strong in the Liberian interior, one meets with no antagonism, and there is evidence everywhere of the desire for education and Christian teaching. The evening service in the palaver house was attended by the entire population, the people being summoned by the chief's crier when all was ready. Surely one could wish for no greater inspiration than we saw in the picture before us—the flickering lanterns and torches, the gay country clothes and wide, flowing white robes, and the attentive faces.

Before our departure from Yangirah, Bahjah Sehle, who is the paramount chief of the adjoining Senjeh section of the same tribe, appealed to us to send teachers to his people. Let a brief description of him here serve to dissipate any illusion that an Afri-

can chief brandishes a war club or revels in the possession of jangling, brass bracelets; not to forget the dangling girdle of human teeth. His face is clean-shaven, his expression intelligent and kindly, his voice well-modulated. He is careful in his enunciation and choice of words. Like many of the interior chiefs, he speaks English well and has adopted the customs of civilization. On his head is a beautifully embroidered turban which is the handiwork of his own people. He wears a spotless tunic of native weave which reaches to his knees, in addition to which there are the trousers and the sandals one would ordinarily not expect to find in the heart of unconventional Africa. Instead of a war-club, he affects a heavy, silver-handled staff which is his insignia of office. Suave, clever and attractive, and, above all, a frank and winning smile, he is representative of a people marvelous in possibilities whom God has made it our



A TYPICAL GOLAH HOME

The Voice of Africa

duty to win to the cause of Christ. Because he knows that progress and development can only come through Christian teaching, he is anxious to respond to the utmost to the efforts which we may and must put forth. One may find this open mind anywhere in the interior. Even avowedly Mohammedan chiefs are realizing that their religion does not enlighten the mind or raise the standards of life. Many of them are complaining of the blind, unintelligible ritual of Islam. This state of mind is becoming constantly more assertive, not only among the chiefs but among the mass of natives as well. The *Mauri Man*, as the priest of Mohammedanism is often termed, frequently meets with coldness or even ridicule, and seldom indeed is he an object or a creature of affection. People are growing weary of his methods of extortion. In Bendo, where Christian work was established not more than ten months ago, the mosque is in sad disrepair and has become a roosting-place for the fowls of the town. One seldom sees the priest except at the time of the Ramadan Feast, or hears the solemn, melancholy drone of Arabic prayers. Truly the struggles of seventy years in this field are bearing abundant fruit. As we passed among the Golahs and Vais, we met many men of prominence and influence who had received their early training at Saint John's School. It is true that many of them have not remained faithful to their Christian profession, so great has been the pressure of native life; but practically all of them are willing to lend their aid to Christian undertakings, and are doing much to uplift those with whom they come in touch. In the recent war between the Golahs and the government, in which the Vai tribe was in alliance with the latter, it was largely through the wise leadership and counsel of a Christian woman on the one side and a Christian man on the other, both products of our own mission schools, that a satisfactory peace was made possible.



ALFRED DIGGS, WILLIAM SHERMAN,
GAHLI SHERMAN
Three prominent men of Bendo

Much more could be said concerning the deep influence of these two people, but there is not sufficient space here. With such object lessons before us, however, no one can doubt that the field is ready unto the harvest and that the appointed hour is at hand.

Pushing on from Yangirah, we passed through the remains of many towns, chief among which were Gornh, Manah, and Vagwy. Very little rebuilding has been done, the few remaining people living in hastily-constructed huts, and farming is almost at a standstill. It is a melancholy picture, not unlike that of northern France viewed from a box-car a few months after the armistice. "Chop" is scarce, roads are well-nigh impassable, and the majority of the population is still on the English side of the border, whither they fled in panic at the approach of the Liberian troops. The problem is likely

The Voice of Africa

to become a serious one unless they can be persuaded to return, for the country has been largely dependent upon the Golahs for food and the scarcity in some places is bordering on famine.

Our first experience with real African jungle was an unexpected one. We reached Vagwy, a fragment of an ancient town set among very beautiful hills, about nine o'clock on the sixth day. After an unstable breakfast of country bread—which consists of raw rice finely beaten and mixed with honey—we set out for Dah, with but slight conception of the ordeal before us. Finding that our water supply had been exhausted, we stopped at a small town for the purpose of boiling more in one of the native kitchens, and in a few moments after our arrival a terrific rain had flooded every trail. In this country one must learn to gain his objective—especially when the incentive is chicken for supper and a comfortable place to sleep. By two o'clock the rain had ceased, so we proceeded through the dripping bush with the aim of reaching Dah before dark.

What a stretch it was! Five hours through jungle and morass, stumbling with sore feet over an endless barricade of roots and fallen trees. The storm soon began again in a steady downpour, but the wet bush had already rendered us immune to an extra drenching. Many times we were confused by false trails, and only the excellent volunteer guide who accompanied us saved us from becoming lost amid the dense labyrinth of trees. Several times we came upon the fresh tracks of elephants, and in many places we could discern their newly broken trails. The great number of unbridged streams made progress extremely difficult, yet even where bridges were to be found the crossing was somewhat precarious. Such a bridge usually consisted of two or three shaky sticks, and was not provided with the supporting side-rails one usually sees along the better trails. To successfully balance the body by the un-

certain light of a single lantern, when these sticks are partly obscured by thick masses of swamp grass, is little less than a circus stunt.

Eventually we reached Dah, in the darkness and considerably the worse for wear, but a bath, a good meal and a bunk soon recompensed for an unusually hard day. Early the next morning we were on the trail again, bound for Gene Wandí, with a good road beneath our feet and an abundance of fruit with which the people provided us free of charge.

Gene Wandí is one of the larger towns of the Tawor section of the Vais. About a year ago it was totally destroyed by fire, and is now in the process of rebuilding. It has an excellent location for a school about a mile beyond the town proper, and for this reason, as well as for its importance and the fact that it is situated within easy reach of the English boundary and the powerful Golah people, the establishment of a mission station at this point is being seriously considered. Here the *Mauri Man* was in evidence, with his tablet, his medicines and his Koran, yet the people on the whole are anxious for a Christian teacher to be sent to them. So it is in this entire district. In a previous trip of survey through the Tawor country, we found many places where the appeal for Christian work was almost irresistible. Each chief tried to convince us that his own town is the best for the purpose, and offered to construct, at his own expense, whatever buildings we would need. In this region alone there are many hundreds of children who are waiting to be taught the principles of Christian manhood and womanhood. If there were sufficient new workers in the Liberian field, the problem would not be where to place them, but where *not* to place them, so great is the need.

Koboliah was reached at noon on the ninth day, and there we were overjoyed to find Mrs. Dwalu, the wife of the principal of Saint John's School. It



"THE SUBTLE HAND OF ISLAM IS TIGHTENING THE SHACKLES"

was like Canaan after forty years of desert, with such sudden luxuries as deliciously fried plantains, clean sheets, and civilized conversation. Koboliah is a large trading town, the future site of our proposed agricultural experiment station. No one could desire a finer brand of hospitality than we received at the hands of Chief Kandakai and his right-hand man, Boimah Kahtoun. Though they are both professed Mohammedans, they are by no means prejudiced against the Christian cause, and are willing to lend their support to the efforts of the Church.

A short hike the next day, followed by three hours of cramped joints and mangoe flies as we paddled down the Marpha River in the mission canoe, and we were back in Bendoo, just in time to sit down to tea with Mr. and Mrs. Ramsaur, Miss Willing and Miss Ford. Then came the sublime peace of Pisu Lake's daily miracle—the marvel-

ous sun sinking beyond the clear-cut profile of Cape Mount in the distance, and the multi-colored reflection of its dying glory upon the water. It was a fitting climax to a journey that had been full of intense interest and revelation. Yet in that hour we could not forget the great appeal which had come to us in all that we had heard and seen, almost in the form of a rebuke because we had no positive answer or promise to give. Slowly but surely the steady, subtle hand of Islam is tightening the shackles upon these peoples' hearts. God in His Mercy has loosened them for a season, that we may remove them altogether and set this land of darkness free. That is the Voice of Africa crying out that cannot be silenced by indifference.

O Church in America! As we labor we do earnestly pray that God will send forth more laborers into this harvest.



THE NEW CHURCH OF THE ASCENSION, HIROSAKI

All to the left of the side entrance is included in the parish rooms; the entrance and all to the right of it constitute the church proper



THE NEW CHURCH OF THE ASCENSION, HIROSAKI
Consecrated February 22, 1921

THREE GREAT DAYS IN HIROSAKI

By the Reverend S. H. Nichols

OUR three great days at Hiroasaki began with the consecration of our new Church of the Ascension on February twenty-second of this year, Bishop McKim being the consecrator and preacher. Afterwards there was a gathering in the parish-room with an address of welcome from the missionary and a reply from the mayor of Hiroasaki. In the evening a reception was given by the local Christians to all our guests.

February twenty-third began with a celebration of the Holy Communion by Bishop McKim. At ten a. m. we had Morning Prayer and addresses, in the afternoon an informal social gathering and in the evening a special

preaching meeting. The next day Bishop McKim again celebrated the Holy Communion and ordained Mr. Itsuki Odake and Mr. Timothy Shinzo Nakamura to the diaconate. Another special preaching meeting at night ended our three great days.

It was an added happiness to have a large number of friends with us to share in our joy. Among others there were the Reverend T. Nuki and Mr. Sonobe from Tokyo; the Reverend J. C. McKim and Nakamura San from Wakamatsu; Miss Bristowe from Taira; the Reverend L. S. Maekawa from Fukushima; the Reverend W. F. Madeley from Sendai, the Reverend G. Shoji of Seattle and nearly all the

Three Great Days in Hirosaki

workers in our own immediate district. A number of Christians from other communions in Hirosaki also attended.

The completion of our new church building, after many postponements and considerable anxiety in the building of it, made us all very happy. Although both the services were quite new to all of the local Christians, all went well. Partly due to the help of our visitors, largely also to the deep thankfulness in our own hearts, prayer and praise seemed on those days to have a new power in itself. We who are supposed to know how to pray felt that day that, however rich had been God's answers to our prayers in the past, there were still greater answers in store for the day when we have right here in our own church a congregation that can pray and praise as that one did. And for the non-Christian guests the service furnished an excellent illustration of what Christian worship is.

And as for the building itself, we are foolish enough to think that it would be worth your while to take a long journey to see it; and we hope that many of you will! The accompanying photograph gives an idea of the interior. There is the minimum of ornamentation, but the lines are so good that ornamentation is unnecessary. From the vestibule one passes into a temporary parish-room. This room has been made by cutting off the west end of the nave by means of *fusuma* (those very convenient, sliding, removable, Japanese doors). In this room Sunday School classes, Bible classes, and all sorts of informal meetings can be held very conveniently; and there is the great advantage that, without being actually in the church proper, it is possible to go in for worship at any time. It is possible also to remove the *fusuma* at any time and so to have the whole of the interior available for large gatherings.

Passing on beyond the *fusuma* we come into the church proper. The pic-

ture will show it to you better than any words. Its special charms are: first, that in spite of its being not very large it gives one an impression of soaring height, and second, that its acoustics are perfect. When there has been a large congregation there singing the fine old hymns of the Church, it has been easy for me to imagine that we too, like the ransomed saints, were thronging up the steps of light. And the more we feel the joys of worshipping there the deeper becomes our gratitude to those who, under God, have made this thing possible.

As for furnishings, we are still using the old altar, font, lectern and benches. We are hoping to have enough money left over to purchase at least ten pews in the near future. The old chancel furnishings, while not all that we should like, are quite usable. Thanks to friends of the late Miss Wall, who worked long in Hirosaki, we have a fine new memorial pulpit. It does not show in the accompanying photograph for the simple reason that the one that was finished just in good time to be set up for the Consecration Service, went up in smoke when the shop in which it had just been finished was burned to the ground. The head of that shop, a former pupil of Miss Wall's, made another without a word of complaint, and at last it is safely in place. The Bible woman at Amori has given a ewer as a memorial of her father. Mr. Gardiner, the architect, in addition to his very great help with plans and construction problems, has given a credence shelf. Deaconess Newbold has given an altar bookrest. The Akita church has presented handsomely bound copies of the Prayer Book and New Testament for altar use. The Reverend W. F. Madeley has promised us an almsbasin by Ascension Day. And one of our local Christians has promised a processional cross. And not least of the special gifts is a bell and the bell-cote in which to hang it.



THE GROUP WHICH GATHERED FOR THE CONSECRATION

This bell and bell-cote are the gifts of many generous relatives and friends of the missionary in charge, many of them connected with Saint James's church at Upper Montclair, New Jersey. As yet the bell is reposing in the nave of the Church waiting for the departure of the snow and frost; but even there it is quite audible to me as I sit in my study a block away. It is going to herald the good news of the Church's presence and spread the Saviour's invitation over a large portion of the city. The very latest arrival is a beautiful fair linen cloth for the altar, a gift from the altar guild of Saint Paul's, Duluth; it came just in time to be used at our Easter Celebration. The simple fact of these personal gifts, over and above the large sums that came in almost miraculously to cover the extras that developed during the construction of the building, is most convincing evidence of the interest and power of the home Church to maintain the Church's testimony to Our Lord here, where He is as yet known only to a few.

The results of the erection of the new building cannot be seen at once.

For one thing, we are very glad that we have this new building in which to welcome the incoming students of the High School that is just being opened in Hirosaki. Its location is such as to bring the students constantly past our doors. The people of the town are dropping in to the services in much larger numbers than ever before. And lastly, at the opening of the new school year of our Sewing School today, we had seventy pupils in attendance as against less than thirty last term. Today a larger number of parents than ever before came with their children to the opening exercises, which began with a service in the new Church of the Ascension.

Thus it would seem that the new church is already powerfully at work. And may we not say that all you who have built it are also at work? There are very great doors of opportunity opening before us. We would thank everyone who has helped to bring in this new era for the Church in Hirosaki. And we ask you to pray for us whom you have sent here, that our work may be wisely directed and made fruitful by the Good Shepherd.



The arrows show the two candidates

AN ORDINATION IN HAITI

ON Sunday, June twenty-sixth, in Holy Trinity Church, Port au Prince, Bishop Morris ordained the Reverend Etienne Victor Louis Gilles and the Reverend Paul Elie Octave Najac to the diaconate. The services began at half-past four in the morning, when the Reverend Pierre Jones, D.D., celebrated the Holy Communion and the bishop preached. At ten the ordination took place, the preacher being the Reverend Albert R. Llwyd. The church was overcrowded and many were unable to enter at all. Mr. Najac is a native Haitien who has

been working for two years as a lay reader. Mr. Gilles is a young business man of Saint Marc who has built up a congregation there.

This is by no means the first ordination in Haiti. In 1866 Bishop George Burgess of Maine visited Port au Prince and on Easter Day (we quote from his journal) "the Episcopal congregation met in their hall, and a Deacon and a Priest were Ordained, and the Holy Communion celebrated in great peace". Seven years later Bishop Cleveland Coxe ordained six young men to the diaconate.





CASS LAKE, MINNESOTA

A WEEK AMONG THE OJIBWAYS

By Archdeacon Renison

I VENTURE to say that comparatively few of our Church people have any appreciation of the number of Ojibway Indians who reside within the diocese of Duluth. There are about 12,000 living on the Government Reservation alone. These people of the woods are our special spiritual charge whom we must shepherd, and to whom we must bring the ministrations of the Church. Bishop Whipple, of cherished memory, did a wonderful work among these children of the forest and laid splendid foundations, planting missions at various points. As a result of his faithful work and of that of his successors, Bishops Gilbert and Morrison, we have today about twelve well-established Indian missions in the diocese of Duluth, manned by seven Indian clergymen, two lay readers, and two devoted women workers.

On April 27th it was my privilege to accompany Bishop Bennett on a trip through the Indian field. The first point we visited was Saint Mat-

thew's, Bena. We left Cass Lake on Wednesday afternoon, and after a drive of thirty miles by motor car around the picturesque shore of Pike Bay and through miles of jack pine forest, we arrived at Bena about four p. m. Here we met the Reverend Charles Wright, a native priest. We found that many of the Indians were still away from the Mission making maple sugar (an important industry at that season); however, we had a hearty service and an inspiring sermon by the bishop. After the service we returned to Cass Lake, where we spent the night in order to catch the Great Northern train next morning for Onigum.

We arrived at Walker after about an hour's ride by train, and after a hurried breakfast we proceeded across Leech Lake. The water was rough and a strong wind was blowing, but we had a pleasant trip in a comfortable gasoline launch belonging to Mr. Kulander, who extended to us every hospitality. At Onigum we

A Week Among the Ojibways



ONE HUNDRED YEARS OLD!

were entertained by Miss Colby, our devoted missionary worker, who has labored here with singular success for thirty years. Here we have a beautiful church, overlooking the lake. This is a charming place, especially in summertime. We visited the government school and the bishop had the privilege of speaking to about ninety children, who listened attentively.

In the afternoon we held service and Bishop Bennett confirmed a class of six. The church was well filled, many of the government school officials attending. After service we returned to Walker in time to catch the train for Bemidji, where we had the

pleasure of visiting with the Reverend W. Elliott, who has recently assumed the pastoral charge of our church in one of the most attractive and flourishing towns of northern Minnesota. The next day, Friday, we boarded a logging train for Redby. It is about thirty miles from Bemidji to Redby, but it took just three hours to make the trip, our train had to make so many stops in order to side-track empty flat cars. We were met at the station by the Reverend Fred Smith, our faithful native priest, who had a car waiting for us, and in half an hour we had arrived at Saint John's Mission, Red Lake. The Reverend Mark Hart, deacon, is the missionary in charge here. We were able to make a hurried visit to the government school. Mr. Pigeon, the superintendent, kindly showed us through the various buildings. We also had a glimpse of Red Lake; it was a scene long to be remembered, for the lake was as smooth as glass and the water reflected a most glorious color under the rays of the setting sun.

Returning to the church we held service and the bishop preached and confirmed a class of three. We had to return at once to Redby for evening service at 8 p. m. We found many Indians already there; in fact, the building was taxed to its utmost capacity. We had a most hearty and inspiring service. One young man was baptized and four persons confirmed.

On Saturday morning we rose early and took the 7:30 train back to Bemidji, as we were on our way to Cass Lake. The bishop was able, during our short stopover at Bemidji, to call at the hospital and confirm a sick man, Mr. A. D. Brown, and his wife, who were prevented from being at Redby during the bishop's visitation. We left again on the noon train for Cass Lake. In the afternoon Bishop Bennett, Mrs. Renison and myself were entertained by the Saint Agnes Guild of Saint Peter's Mission, at the



THE TOWN OF CASS LAKE ON THE FOURTH OF JULY

Parshall Memorial Guild Hall. In the evening we held Ojibway service. While the attendance was not large (for we have only commenced to develop the Indian work here) still the service was very hearty. Many Indian families are moving in and we hope in time to establish a strong Indian work.

On Sunday, May first, the bishop addressed the boys and girls of the Sunday School, there being about fifty present. We then left for service at the Prince of Peace Mission on the shore of Cass Lake. Long before the hour of service the church was filled, many of the officials and children from the government school nearby attending. At this service two children were baptized and three confirmed.

In the evening at Saint Peter's, Cass Lake, we had an impressive English service. The church was well filled, the music very good. The bishop preached and confirmed a class of thirteen persons, eleven of whom were adults.

Cass Lake is a strong center of our white work. The foundations laid

years ago by Archdeacon Parshall, who literally gave his life for the work, were of such character that today we see the fruit of his labors in the splendidly equipped church and rectory, and also in the loyal and faithful congregation who attend the services every Sunday. We have a Sunday School of over fifty in actual attendance, and the ordinary attendance at an early Communion service is about thirty. I wonder how many large parishes can lay claim to such a record?

Mrs. Parshall has nobly carried on the splendid work of her husband and is rendering invaluable service in the Sunday School and in her community work. This spring she has organized a Sunday School at the Prince of Peace Mission, on the shore of Cass Lake, among the Indian children in that section.

On Monday morning, May second, we left at 6:30 for Ponsford, where we found most of our Indians awaiting us. Many had come from distant parts. The church was completely filled and the bishop confirmed four persons. Baptism was also administered.

A Week Among the Ojibways

After service the Women's Guild provided a bountiful luncheon, with all manner of good things, chicken, potatoes, bread, pie and coffee, which was served in the Guild Hall. The bishop was the guest of honor, and at the end of a hearty meal we had a short but interesting visit with our hosts and left by motor car for Detroit.

We arrived in Detroit in ample time to catch the train for Ogema, for we were scheduled to be at White Earth for evening service. We arrived about 6:30 p. m., and were entertained at the mission by the Reverend and Mrs. E. C. Kah-o-sed. At Saint Columba's church we had an impressive service and an attentive and reverent congregation. Four persons were confirmed. The government schools were closed here two years ago, and the large, commodious brick buildings, enclosed by many acres of land, are standing idle. This abandoned plant, with its beautiful site, would make an ideal equipment for a Church School. As there are over five thousand Indians who belong to this reservation, there would be no difficulty in getting all the children we could care for.

The present policy of the Government seems to be a gradual closing of its Indian schools. The schools at Onigum and Cass Lake closed on June thirtieth. This seems to be the Church's opportunity. I do not know of a more useful service which we can render to the Indian boys and girls than by opening a Church School in one of our strong Indian centers and ministering to their bodies as well as their souls. From such a school we could select the most promising boys and with the proper influence and training, and in time, we could have a department in which young men could be equipped and prepared for the work of the ministry. If our Indian work is to grow and be a leavening influence, we must find young Ojibways who will minister to their own

people. Five of our present native clergy are now over seventy years of age and have labored faithfully for over forty years among their people. Of these five two have already been retired, but we have no young men ready to take their places.

Tuesday, May third, we started for Beaulieu. The Reverend Louis Many-penny and his wife had arranged service. After dinner we went on to Big Bend, a distance of eighteen miles. The roads were rough and we were a little late in reaching the mission, but a number of Indians had gathered, including Mr. James Rice, lay reader, who, we hope, will be ordained deacon at no distant date. Four children were baptized at this service. But it was getting late and we had to hurry on to Twin Lakes (a distance of sixteen miles) for evening service. We arrived just about 6 p. m. and had supper with the Reverend William Boyle and his wife. Mr. Boyle is doing splendid work here. A graduate of Seabury Divinity School, he is well equipped in every way and ministers acceptably to both English and Ojibway congregations. After the service, which was well attended, the congregation filling the church, we started back for Mahnomen, a distance of twenty-two miles, which we reached about eleven o'clock. It was a full day's work, as we had driven sixty-five miles and held three services.

I cannot close this account of our trip through the Indian field without asking all friends of the Church to help us in our great and difficult task of ministering to these Indians. If our Church is to be "missionary" we must discharge our obligation to the red man as well as to the white. By our prayers and sympathetic interest, which means giving of our means generously, we may do our part toward the extension of the Kingdom among these people. "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature" surely includes the Ojibways!

A YEAR IN THE PEKING LANGUAGE SCHOOL

By Violet Hughes

NEW missionaries in the district of Hankow are now usually sent to the Peking Language School for their first year's work in Chinese. The memory of my first day at the school is still very fresh in my mind, though I've now completed my year there. I had arrived in Peking the night before school opened, very proud of having successfully accomplished the thirty-six hours' train journey from Hankow alone. You may think there is no special reason for pride in simply staying on a train to which one has been escorted, and being met at the end of the line by kind friends, but there is, nevertheless, a distinct sense of adventure in thus starting off alone in a strange land without any knowledge of the language; hence my satisfaction when I did arrive safe and sound.

I spent that first night at the home of a friend whom I had met in Kuling a few weeks before, and next morning was taken to school by Deaconess Clark, feeling exactly as I must have felt when as a little girl I was first taken to school by my mother. But I fared better this second time, for Deaconess Clark stayed with me for the first two classes, whereas I remember quite distinctly faring forth alone to my first class in primary school.

After being introduced to the principal, Mr. Pettus, and to Mrs. Anderson, who has charge of the hostel, we entered a large room and sat down with about sixty others, all wondering, I suppose, as I was, what was going to happen and how they would set about teaching us the language of which we had heard such dreadful tales. In the very beginning, whatever ideas we may have had about school work were rudely shattered by the announcement that note-books were positively forbidden;

that we must remember what we could and let the rest go!

And then the first lesson began! A Chinese teacher mounted the platform, and pointing in turn to himself, to us, and to another teacher, slowly declaimed, *wo, ni, ta*. He did this frequently till nearly all of us had grasped the idea that *wo, ni, ta* meant "I", "you", "he", though there were a few, as we learned afterwards, who had gathered that *wo* meant "nose", because of the Chinese custom of indicating the first person by pointing to the nose rather than to the chest! The names of a few simple objects such as book, paper, pencil, were then objectively introduced, and before we knew it, the period had come to an end. The rest of that day and of the remainder of the week were spent in just the same way, our part being simply to listen and train our ears to the unfamiliar sounds. We were as pleased as a child with his first reader when we were at last allowed to repeat phrases after the teacher; and when we rose to the dignity of answering such questions as "What is this?", "What am I doing?", etc., we thought that it was just a matter of a few weeks before we should be learned Chinese scholars! We've concluded at the end of a year, however, that there are still a few things we don't know.

After about three weeks of general class work we began spending two periods a day with individual teachers, going over with them the new words and phrases that were introduced each morning in general class and conversing with them on a surprisingly large range of subjects with our very limited vocabulary. I remember boldly undertaking to tell my teacher the story of the first American Thanksgiving Day, after less than two months at school,

A Year in the Peking Language School

and apparently making him understand at least the general drift of my talk.

Quite early in the term we began committing to memory, sentence by sentence, a thrilling story of an old woman in Shansi whose only son was eaten by a tiger, and who, appealing to the district magistrate, was awarded the tiger as a means of support. The story came in thirty-eight installments, and extended over several months, so that we were kept in the sort of eager anticipation with which one reads a serial story in a magazine.

At last came the exciting day when we had our first reading lesson in Balser's *Mandarin Primer*, a rather imposing text-book despite its unpretentious title. We thought then no further thrills awaited us, till, shortly before Christmas, we started character writing and analysis, a perfectly fascinating study; though we found, to our sorrow, that for a long time we had to learn the review characters all over again each week. They do stick after a while, however, and the weekly dictations, which commenced after Christmas, helped to fix them in our minds. At this time too we started telling stories in class each week, and we were surprised to find that we could really tell nearly any story with very slight help from the dictionary. Thus gradually and almost imperceptibly had we acquired a fair working vocabulary.

And we used what we learned from the very first. Nothing daunted by such mistakes as gravely declaiming in the market the phrase for "one pencil" when we meant "how much money?" or telling the laundryman to be careful in washing a new dress because it had not yet been "baptized", we went bravely about the city, practicing Chinese on every one we met. We who lived in the hostel were especially fortunate in having servants who spoke no English, so that we had to give our orders in Chinese or go without things. Moreover we soon made friends with several of the young women teachers in

the school, and through them met other Chinese girls, so here was another opportunity for practicing the language and one of which we took advantage to the utmost, though we did prize the friendship of the girls for itself as well, and were surprised to find how much alike we all were after all.

Now at the end of our first year we feel that we've made a good start and can go back to our stations and to our untrained teachers with some knowledge of the way to go about our studying. The year at language school has been a most easy and carefree one, but we have accomplished a great deal in our education in things Chinese as well as in the language itself. We have had courses of lectures in Chinese history and geography, and seminars on various aspects of Chinese life and thought, as well as all sorts of interesting trips to the many famous sights in and about Peking. I would like to tell about some of our sightseeing excursions, but if I did this paper would never end!

I must not neglect, however, to speak of one other factor in our Chinese education, and that is attendance at Chinese Church services. After three or four months at school we found we could get some idea of what the sermon was about; and it really was not at all difficult to follow the service in our Chinese Prayer Books, though of course we could take no oral part in it at first. We were tremendously pleased with ourselves when we knew enough characters to attempt singing some of the hymns, and we flattered ourselves that by singing quite emphatically the few characters we did know and making non-committal noises of one sort or another for the unfamiliar ones, we were making our neighbors believe we were really singing the hymns!

The point I want to make in closing is that Chinese is not nearly so black as it's been painted, that persons of ordinary intelligence can learn Chinese without undue effort and that it is really lots of fun!



A SCENE FROM THE PAGEANT AT THE GENEVA CONFERENCE

THE GENEVA CONFERENCE

By Mary Travis Heward

PERHAPS it should not be necessary to go to a Summer Conference in order to grasp the reality of the Church Universal, and yet that was what happened to many of us, I think, who went to Geneva this July. In that atmosphere of kindness and good-will, of earnest effort and devotion to a common ideal, one grasped immediately a sense of participation in a great work, of oneness in a common and beautiful fellowship, which deepened as the days went by. We came to realize, almost at once, that we were members not of a particular parish, depending for its existence on the efforts of a few individuals, where the disposition of the rector and the possession or lack of money and workers determined success or failure, but of our Mother the Church, "fair as the moon, clear as the sun, terrible as an army with banners".

We found this out in many ways—in the chapel, where we knelt togeth-

er for Communion in the early morning, all of us from scattered homes and some from lands very far away; in the classrooms, where our eyes were opened to the manifold phases of the Church's work and where we were made aware of the breadth of the harvest-field and the privilege of those who labor there; and most of all in the daily association with so many whose lives were dedicated to the Church's task.

And this knowledge of a common heritage and a common aim could only result in a spirit of cordial goodwill, so that everyone was happy. Even those who came to the conference alone, wondering a little if they would quite enjoy themselves, lost all sense of strangeness in that pleasant atmosphere, finding no cliques, nor "sets", but only frank and kindly fellowship, and they went away with many new friends. As someone said, "Everybody is kind at Geneva!"



THE GROUP FROM THE DIOCESE OF NEWARK

And oh, but we had fun! There was the singing in the dining-room, which was so materially enhanced this year by the gentleman with the tenor voice and the guitar. And there was the thrilling melodrama, *The Nation-Wide Campaign*, given on the terrace one evening, in which various members of the faculty gave proof of unsuspected talents, and where Dean Lathrop, in the part of *Mr. Unsocialist*, made such a hit that it began to look as though his reputation for liberal thinking was irretrievably lost. There was "Stunt Night", always a huge lark; and here, I think, honorable mention ought to be made of the diocese of Western New York, which presented an imitation "movie", in which crime, though temporarily successful, was foiled in the end, and virtue triumphed in the approved style with the aid of a realistic airplane chase!

In one's memory of Geneva some things stand out with special clearness. One was the early Communion service on Sunday morning, in Trinity Church, where Bishop Brent officiated, while the sun shining through the eastern

door filled all the place with glory. One was Bishop Stearly's reading of *The Cantic of the Creatures* at the evening service on the lawn, with the sunset burning behind the great trees and the birds wheeling and calling. And again there was a night when the bishop talked about the beauty of prayer, quoting many lovely words from the records of the centuries. There was Mr. Littell's wonderful description of the Holy Catholic Church of China. And every day there was Bishop Brent's unforgettable talk on *The Sermon on the Mount*.

As one knelt for the last time in the little college chapel one resolved to see life henceforward in the light of those ten beautiful days, to keep, as far as might be, something of the kind human comradeship, the will to service, the personal identification with the common hope and the common purpose, which those days had brought. And as one remembered with joy that new comprehension of the Church Universal, in her beauty and power, one determined from that day to set forth manfully in Her service.

THE BLUE RIDGE MISSIONARY CONFERENCE

By *Claudia Hunter*

THE best of all the Blue Ridge Missionary Conferences is just over. There were three hundred and fifty delegates, of whom one hundred and forty-eight were members of our Church. The number was not quite as large as last year, but the spirit of the Conference is what made the difference. The spirit of Blue Ridge is always fine, friendly, happy, but this year the thing went deeper than ever before. As this has grown to be a young people's conference, very naturally the keynote became *life service in the foreign mission field*. It was the thought constantly in their minds. The immediate result in one diocesan delegation was that out of a delegation of thirty-three, there were four volunteers for foreign missionary work, and as many more went away facing the question. There are several ways to account for this intensified feeling of personal responsibility:

First: The appeals made by the consecrated missionaries the Church Missions House sent us, Bishop Colmore, the Reverend and Mrs. W. H. Ramsaur, the Reverend Harrington Littell, and Miss Alice Gregg, and by the consecrated missionaries of the other communions.

Second: The two-hour practice—teaching normal class on *The Why and How of Foreign Missions* led by Miss Grace Lindley and composed of five young men and twenty-three young women in their twenties or younger. It was good to have Miss Lindley back again. Until four years ago, when she was present for the first time, the Episcopalians had never numbered over fifty-nine, but she had implanted in some of the delegates of those former years the principles upon which she felt a conference ought to be developed.

The clergyman in charge of the delegation was the Reverend Mr. Ramsaur, whose experiences in Africa, combined with his unusual personality, made a deep impression. The Episcopal leaders of the conference besides Miss Lindley were Miss Bertha Richards, Miss Sallie Dean and Miss Claudia Hunter.

Miss Bertha Richards led a class in *The Gospel According to St. Matthew*; Miss Dean—who had again brought one hundred and four Episcopalians from Virginia—was counselor for the conference; Miss Hunter was chairman of the committee on *The Morning Watch and Promotion of Prayer*. During the closing meeting, three-fourths of the delegates stated their intention of keeping up *The Morning Watch* throughout the year.

There was a celebration of the Holy Communion on each of the Sunday mornings, one hundred and fifty or more making their communion each time. At one the offering was given to send delegates to the next Conference, and at the other to Miss Bertha Richards to be used for sending delegates to the Church Conference for the Negro at St. Augustine's School, Raleigh.

The weakness of this Blue Ridge Conference lay in the fact that no strong platform speakers had been secured for a series of addresses and that there was little serious study except in the Junior normal class in *The Why and How of Foreign Missions*. It was an interesting and hopeful sign that the young people were the ones who took the conference most seriously and gave themselves up most freely to it. To induce everyone to study as this class of young people did is the problem of the next conference.

THE SILVER BAY CONFERENCE

By Irene B. Crossmon

THE Missionary Education Conference at Silver Bay, N. Y., from July eight to eighteen, included a representative delegation of Church people of all ages, and from many states. Just as the missionary motive is the point of contact for all denominations, so this great interdenominational movement unites all the Communions in a common cause, and in a common effort to find the best ways and means to carry out our Lord's injunction to go into the world and teach all nations. Perhaps here is the touchstone of that Christian unity which lies so near the heart of every earnest Churchman.

The excellent classes for the training of leaders, with a combination of inspiration and technique, are the chief reasons why this conference is a vantage point for mission study. Beside the normal classes, led by experts, and planned to give intensive courses to future leaders of mission study groups, there are classes for the younger people where missions and missionary service are presented clearly and forcibly. Not only does the curriculum afford technique and a deepened desire for service, but it brings also a consciousness of power and of strength for "doing things" which has borne fruit time and again in every church which sends a representative to Silver Bay. The determination to give service *willingly* is the characteristic attitude of those trained and inspired at Silver Bay.

A definite spiritual contribution of our Church to the whole conference is the early celebration of the Holy Communion, which is held on both Sundays. By the lifting of a partition, Ingle Hall is transformed from a classroom to a sanctuary. The simple altar, the plain, unpolished rail, the

dignity and beauty of the old familiar service in a new setting, are all a part of the depth and reality of this Sacrament. Many from other communions join in the Celebration. This service is truly the center of the conference for all Church people. Another contribution of our Church was the Sunday morning sermon, preached by the Reverend Ernest M. Stires, D.D., of Saint Thomas's Church, New York, a powerful and inspiring appeal for service.

A TEXAS CONFERENCE

"ONE of the most remarkable conferences I have yet attended", said the Reverend Gardiner L. Tucker, at the close of the Texas conference. The difference was not so much in the programme or personnel as in what one may call the "atmosphere" of the gathering. This may have been due to the large proportion of young people present. Previous to the conference two nine-day camps for the boys and girls of the Y. P. S. L. had been held, and about twenty of the young people who had won honors were retained for the older gathering.

After the daily Eucharist, at 7 a. m., Bishop Quin conducted classes in personal religion. Then classes and lectures followed throughout the morning, the Reverend Lloyd R. Craighill, our missionary in Anking, giving a course of talks on China. Mrs. Quin and the Reverend W. A. Jonnard led classes on the Church Service League. There were also courses on Religious Education, Social Service, the Church Periodical Club and the Daughters of the King. The afternoons were given to rest and recreation. The conference closed with the pageant *Peace and the Prince of Peace*.



EDINBURGH FROM CALTON HILL

The city in which the China Continuation Committee had birth

A NATIONAL CHRISTIAN COUNCIL

By E. C. Lobenstine

THE ninth annual meeting of the China Continuation Committee has just been held in Shanghai. In this Committee, one-half of the sixty-five members being Chinese, the diverse Christian forces in China are actually, though informally and unofficially, represented. This means that the members come from the north, south, east, west and centre of China; that they include missionaries of British, American, Canadian, Continental and Australian, as well as Chinese nationality; that there are Anglicans, Baptists, Congregationalists, Lutherans, Methodists, Presbyterians and members of other ecclesiastical families among them; and that they represent all the chief forms of missionary work, medical, literary, administrative, educational and evangelistic. The Roman Catholic and Eastern Orthodox forces are not represented, although this Committee owes its origin to the World's Missionary Conference held at Edinburgh in 1910, in which the outlook was that of the whole of Chris-

tendom as over against the whole of the non-Christian world.

The Committee has no legislative or mandatory power whatever, being purely consultative and advisory; but its influence is for that very reason all the greater and more significant.

More than one day out of the five days of this annual meeting was given to the consideration of "The Chinese Renaissance" or "New Tide of Thought", which during the past year has assumed extensive proportions. Four most thoughtful and carefully prepared papers on this subject were presented at the meeting—two by Chinese and two by foreigners—dealing with the origin, characteristics, achievements and dangers of the movement. It was clearly pointed out that the movement is unorganized in that it is without formally chosen officers or members, but that it stands everywhere for certain things, for example:

1. An attitude of criticism and inquiry toward established traditions, and indeed toward everything, new or

A National Christian Council

old. The conservatism of the nation's leaders has withered before it. Everything, Chinese or foreign, social or political, ethical or religious, must meet at its hands the test of impartial inquiry as to its truth or value. 2. The use of conversational language as a medium of expression instead of the old literary style. More than a hundred, possibly several hundred, newspapers and magazines, and original and translated books on a vast variety of subjects, have been issued in this plain language, and this has produced a veritable literary revolution whereby the common people are coming to their own. 3. Loyalty to democracy and freedom. Autocracy in government or in society is no longer to be tolerated. The worth of every individual and his right to be considered and to be heard on all questions that concern him must be recognized. No one man or group of men is wise or strong enough to act for all; and every man must have liberty to speak and act within wide limits, according to the light that is in him. 4. Love and service as the supreme principles of life. These must be to international and inter-racial as well as to individual and family interests. 5. The scientific spirit and the effort to nationalize all life.

This movement is obviously fraught with far-reaching significance to the Christian Church in China, and it was hailed as opening a new day of opportunity for wide usefulness and influence. It has obviously great dangers also, and these were carefully considered. A resolution was adopted without dissent expressing the interest of the Committee in the movement and calling on Christians of all races and Communions to study and pray for it.

Much attention was devoted to the China for Christ Movement, which embodies the desires, especially of the younger Chinese Christians, for a nation-wide, interdenominational effort,

under real Chinese leadership but in hearty cooperation with missionaries, to bring unitedly to the whole Chinese people the blessings of the Christian Life.

Everyone who knows China at all realizes that the difficulty of the Chinese written character is one of the chief obstacles to China's progress. The special committee on the promotion of the national phonetic writing reported important progress during the year. The government Board of Education, which devised and proposed the system, is pushing it in all schools under government control.

In some ways the most important work of this annual meeting was the consideration of plans for a National Christian Conference in 1922. Preliminary plans were made at the previous annual meeting and a strong committee has worked hard on preparations and plans throughout the past year. Many difficult questions have been dealt with, the most difficult being those which concern the due representation in the conference of the various communions. A guiding principle has been that the conference should represent officially and formally, as far as possible, all the several communions and that one-half the delegates should be Chinese. Hitherto there has never been an officially delegated conference with such a proportion of Chinese members, the nearest approach to it having been in 1913, where one-third out of a total of 120 members were Chinese; whereas in the great Centenary Conference of 1907, where some 600 delegates were present, and in all previous conferences, there were only foreign missionaries as delegates. The meeting planned for 1922 will thus mark an immense step forward in the development of Christianity in China, and if carried out as planned will deserve the name of a Chinese National Christian Conference.



COMMUNITY WORK AMONG CHILDREN

By the Reverend J. S. Wicks

AS Director of Social Service in the district of Oklahoma it has been my pleasure to reach hundreds of children with some of the basic facts of the Christian faith. These are really few and are for the most part contained in the catechism of the Church. To hundreds of children I have taught the Lord's prayer, many of them hearing it then for the first time. At present in Miami, where I am doing an intensive work in a small community house, I am reaching about two hundred and fifty boys and girls. The greater number of these children are poor, neglected, dirty, but they are eager in friendship, impetuous in their desire to do something when shown the way.

Space in this magazine is valuable and I shall therefore confine myself to a very short account of our work. Our "big time" is on Thursday night. Then we have a programme something like this. We begin with a short service of singing and prayer. Then we have a motion picture (educational),

followed by an address by a prominent citizen of the community. Another motion picture, a ten-minute talk by the missionary and the benediction close an enjoyable evening.

Into this programme all kinds of helpful material fit easily. Through this programme the Church reaches all kinds and conditions of people. No man ever refuses to come to speak a word of inspiration and love to our little ones gathered here. No man goes away untouched by the call to come over and help. It is the Church in action and everyone is not only willing but anxious to help.

All this does not indicate a method of making Churchmen by a quickstep process. But it does point the way to the solid foundation necessary for real missionary achievement. Inasmuch as we do it unto one of the least of these now, we may be sure that when they come to years of discretion they will not forget Mother Church who first led them into a new life of joy and love.



HELEN J. DISBROW
Kyoto
From Newark



THE REVEREND E. L. HAINES
Liberia
From New Jersey



LOIS M. FORD
Liberia
From Harrisburg



MRS. G. POCKOCK
Porto Rico
From Central New York



M. C. COOPER, M.D.
Shanghai
From England



MARY C. NICHOLS
Cuba
From Virginia



EMMA BARBARA GUNZ
Alaska
From Olympia



THE REVEREND A. C. S. TRIVETT
Hankow
From Canada



LUCY KENT
Anking
From New York

RECRUITS FOR THE FIELD

WE present to our readers in this issue nine more portraits of those who have gone to man the outposts in eight of the distant mission fields.

Alaska: Miss Emma Barbara Gunz is a nurse at Saint Stephen's Hospital, Fort Yukon. She is a native of South Dakota, but was trained in Saint Mark's Hospital, Salt Lake City. During the war Miss Gunz was in service at the base hospital at Camp Fremont, California, and at Vancouver Barracks, Washington. Shortly after her arrival at Fort Yukon Archdeacon Stuck was stricken with his last illness, and her presence in this emergency was a great help and comfort to the little group at the mission.

Anking: Miss Lucy Kent will be in charge of the industrial work for women and girls under Mrs. Lee in Anking. She is a member of the parish of Saint Mary the Virgin, New York, and has had rather a wide experience in parish work. Miss Kent has taken courses in industrial art at the School of Applied Design and at Teachers' College, and has taught a class in the same subject at Saint Faith's House.

Cuba: Miss Mary C. Nichols, who goes to teach in the Cathedral School, Havana, is a Virginian and a member of Saint John's parish, Bedford. She has had experience in teaching in well-known schools in this country and has also taught in Cuba, so that she does not go to an unknown field.

Hankow: The Reverend Alexander C. S. Trivett is of Canadian birth, the son of a clergyman. He is a graduate of the University of Toronto and Wycliffe College. On the outbreak of the war Mr. Trivett went overseas with the Canadian forces, was wounded and discharged in 1916. Returning to Toronto he was ordained and resumed military work until the close of the

war, when he became student secretary for Western Canada. Mr. Trivett is chaplain of the English congregation of Saint John the Evangelist, Hankow. His brother and sister are missionaries of the Canadian Church in the neighboring diocese of Honan.

Kyoto: Miss Helen Julia Disbrow has done very successful work among foreign children in a kindergarten at Hackensack, N. J., for some years. She is a member of Christ Church in that town. She will still further strengthen the kindergarten work which is so marked a feature of our Kyoto mission.

Liberia: Miss Lois M. Ford is a graduate nurse who is stationed at Saint Timothy's Hospital, Cape Mount. She comes from Pennsylvania and was trained at Saint Timothy's Hospital, Roxborough.

The Reverend E. L. Haines, of Swedesboro, N. J., volunteered for Liberia because of his interest in opposing the rapid Moslem advance. In the article on page 577 of this issue he speaks for himself of the work he is doing, and of Miss Ford also.

Porto Rico: Mrs. Gwendoline Pockock, who has gone to take charge of the nursing at Saint Luke's Hospital, Ponce, was born and brought up in London. She is a member of the Church of England, but for the past four years has been serving in the Hospital of the Good Shepherd, Syracuse, N. Y.

Shanghai: Doctor Mervyn C. Cooper is the son of Frederick Clement Cooper, who for twenty years worked side by side with Doctor Pott in building up Saint John's University. Doctor Cooper received his medical training in London, and during the war served in numerous military hospitals in England.

THE SILENT MISSION

In New York City

By Preston Barr, Jr.



CONFIRMATION CLASS, SAINT ANN'S, NEW YORK

OVER sixty years ago the late Reverend Thomas Gallaudet, D.D., first attempted to systematically minister to the religious needs of the deaf when he saw the neglected and isolated condition of these people after they left school.

As I wrote some time ago concerning the general history of Church work among the deaf, first started by Dr. Gallaudet, I shall now confine my story to the present work of the Church in New York City.

After the founding of the Church Mission to Deaf Mutes in 1872, whose purpose was to extend missionary activities to distant cities, new helpers were found, till now there are fourteen missionaries scattered throughout the country having independent charge over their fields under their respective diocesan authorities. The parent society now confines its activity to the dioceses of New York, Long Island and Newark, where there are about eight thousand deaf people.

For many years the late Reverend John Chamberlain worked in New York, assisted by the Reverend John H. Kent, who, upon his superior's death in January, 1921, succeeded him. A great future is facing Mr. Kent in this field.

In New York City Saint Ann's Chapel for Deaf Mutes, at 511 West 148th street, exercises pastoral care over several hundred deaf mutes. The Church Mission to Deaf Mutes supplements this work, supplying services at nine different places in the vicinity of New York, doing much in caring for the sick and destitute, providing employment and supporting a Home for Aged and Infirm Mutes. The social side is not neglected. Connected with Saint Ann's Chapel is a well-equipped Guild House. Lectures and entertainments are frequently provided from which the deaf derive much profit and enjoyment. The class shown above was confirmed by Bishop Hulse of Cuba on May twenty-second, 1921.

EDUCATIONAL DIVISION

DEPARTMENT OF MISSIONS

William C. Sturgis, Ph.D., Secretary

NOW that I have returned from my long absence abroad I am beginning to pick up the threads and to make plans for the future.

The study-material for the coming season of 1921-22 is fairly abundant and varied. For classes composed of leaders, and, in certain cases, for mission-study classes, there is Doctor Jeffery's book, *How Can We Know the Way?* My own book, dealing with such fundamental matters as to whether the Church has any Mission to the world and, if so, what the Mission is, is intended for study-classes; but its general use is somewhat handicapped by the fact that leaders have had little practice in handling it. *The Survey*, of course, is still to the fore and should be finished up during this season, special study being made of such fields or topics as have not been covered during the two seasons past. For more elementary study, we have simple *Programmes on the Survey*, and also notes for "Current-Events" classes in missions, based on the Church Missionary Calendar. These latter have already been tried and found stimulating.

For children, there is Miss Giles' book, *Tales of the Great South Seas*, a mighty interesting lot of stories of adventure and heroism—with the added appeal of being based on fact. The *Survey for Juniors* should have very wide use, and the portions dealing with the Philippines and the Hawaiian Islands might very well be studied in connection with the *Tales*.

So active is everyone nowadays that I am prepared even to give information regarding study-books for 1922-23. We are hoping to have a book on certain of the great projects which the Church is determined to bring to

completion at once. This will take the place of the *Survey*. Then I am going to try to get my letters from Asia pruned into fruitful shape. They might be made really interesting, because any traveler through our mission-fields becomes loaded up with stories and incidents illustrative of the work we are trying to do and its often wonderful results. The letters also have something to say about India, that most fascinating of all lands and, at the same time, one of the most appealing to the missionary spirit. This might be useful, for the Missionary Education Movement is preparing to issue a full, graded course on India for 1922-23. But we want to make the Negro our principal theme, and steps are now being taken either to prepare a book on that subject ourselves or to arrange for a "Churchman's edition" of the M. E. M. book.

I should be sorry if, in this programme for two seasons, Archdeacon Stuck's last words on the field to which he gave his life were overlooked. His book, *The Alaskan Missions of the Episcopal Church*, is the latest thing on the subject and is immensely interesting. It is not often that we have a description of our work in a particular field so completely brought up to date and by the hand of such a master of literary style.

The prices of the books for this season are as follows:

How Can We Know the Way..	60c
The Church's Life.....	75c
Tales of the Great South Seas..	35c
The Alaskan Missions of the Episcopal Church.....	\$1.00
The Survey for Juniors.....	40c
Suggestions to Leaders, for any of these courses, each.....	25c

FOREIGN-BORN AMERICANS DIVISION

DEPARTMENT OF MISSIONS

The Reverend Thomas Burgess, Secretary

THE following letter comes from the Reverend R. F. McDowell, Holy Trinity Church, Iron Mountain, Michigan, in the diocese of Marquette:

The church was closed for over two years before I took hold of it, in October, 1918. There were about fifty communicants. Now we have a little more than twice that number. At present the following nationalities are represented in the parish: Austrian, Norwegian, German, Greek, Syrian, Swedish, Polish, Irish, Scotch, English and Belgian.

There isn't any magic way to get the different nationalities into the Church, that I know of. We have no Americanization committee in the parish nor have we ever entertained at socials, etc., any of these people we now have. I had to go out and get them myself by direct personal contact. This, of course, means much time and work. I have tried to learn all I could about the characteristics of the different nationalities but especially about their religious traditions and the Churches in which they have been brought up. The hardest thing is to convince the ex-Romanists and the Orthodox peoples that we are a Catholic church. The word Protestant in our legal title as it appears in the Prayer-book is a real hindrance. In connection with this I might say that this is not a "high church" parish.

Now, how did I get these people into the Church? Simply by personal talks, supplemented by such books as Atwater's *Episcopal Church* and Westcott's *Catholic Principles*, and Little's *Reasons for Being a Churchman*. I also use tracts put out by the Morehouse Publishing Company.

I have tried to present the Church as the American Church, the Church for all nationalities, just as inclusive as the American nation is. At the same time the Americans in the congregation must be made to realize that the Church is for all, not only for one nationality, or one social class. Foreigners are appreciative and never forget little kindnesses done for them. Showing a real interest in them does much

to win them. Whenever an Orthodox priest comes this way I always give him the use of the Church and try to get my own people to come to his services so that they may become better acquainted with this branch of the historic Church, and it helps them better to understand the traditions of these people and makes them more sympathetic towards them. The Orthodox people begin to feel, "Well, if the Episcopalians attend our services, we will attend theirs". The Syrians never miss a Sunday morning service.

The majority of the Swedish Lutheran congregation here left the Augustana Synod and have organized a new church under a priest of the State Church of Sweden. They used our church every Sunday night last winter, until they bought a ten-thousand-dollar edifice of their own this summer. They were organized by the Reverend Philip Broburg.

I don't know that what I have written will be of any value to you. I am simply trying to do what I believe the whole Church must do and should have been doing on a national scale many years ago—and that is to bring everybody into the Church that can be reached regardless of nationality or social standing.

I am firmly convinced that the future of the American Episcopal Church depends largely on how well we are able to cope with the foreign situation now. I do not pretend to be an authority on this most important problem, I am simply trying the best way I know how to make Holy Trinity a Catholic parish in a very real way, by bringing into the Church all nationalities, all people of whatever name or tongue. Surely when we do this we really begin to understand what the term "Holy Catholic Church" means.

The above letter exemplifies just what our Division is striving to awaken every parish to do—only this is work for laymen as well as priests. Moreover, the detailed information needed to fit our men and women to accomplish within their parishes just such results is set forth in our new handbook, *Foreigners or Friends*.

NEWS AND NOTES

NO doubt many people have been thinking during the past months of the lonely grave at Fort Yukon where the body of Archdeacon Stuck was laid to rest last October. Everyone will desire that this resting place of a hero of the Church should be worthily marked. Knowing Archdeacon Stuck's convictions about such matters it has seemed best not to send to Fort Yukon any monument in a conventional form. It was therefore decided that, as the archdeacon had advised in the case of Miss Annie C. Farthing, who is buried at Nenana, so his own grave should be marked by a Celtic cross made of concrete.

The design for the wooden mould was accordingly forwarded to Doctor Burke at Fort Yukon. Sufficient cement was already on hand. The white men and Indians gladly agreed to give their labor. A bronze tablet has been designed and forwarded to Fort Yukon to be set into the shaft of the cross above the snow line. This tablet bears the record of Archdeacon Stuck's birth and death, and, in English and in the Indian tongue, the words,

Well done, good and faithful servant.

The cost of this rugged and appropriate memorial at the archdeacon's grave is \$325. This is considerably less than would have been the case if a stone had been shipped from this country.

Bishop Rowe has asked the secretary of the Department of Missions to give Archdeacon Stuck's friends an opportunity to provide this tribute of their affection and admiration. Those who desire to act upon Bishop Rowe's suggestion may communicate with Doctor John W. Wood, 281 Fourth avenue, New York City. Without doubt, many will be glad of the privilege of having a part in this memorial.

BISHOP ROWE has just completed a two months' trip in the interior of Alaska, during which he visited all the missions on the Yukon from Eagle to Anvik, and on the Tanana from the Yukon to Salchaket. The Reverend E. J. Randall, of Chicago, who is commemorating the twenty-fifth anniversary of his ordination, accompanied him. During this trip Bishop Rowe ordained two men to the diaconate—Mr. Gaither, at Eagle, and Doctor Burke, at Fort Yukon, Mr. Randall presenting both candidates. Mr. Burgess W. Gaither has been doing fine work as a layman at Eagle for the past two years. Doctor Burke needs no introduction to our readers, as his long service at Fort Yukon, in the face of many difficulties, is well known. His ordination to the ministry will render him doubly useful, for since the death of Archdeacon Stuck there has been no clergyman at that point.

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A RECENT report of his work in Southern Brazil received from Archdeacon Cabral is full of interest. The archdeacon has oversight of ten stations. At Sao Francisco de Paula two Sunday Schools have been lately established. There are about seventy confirmed members of this parish, but an attendance of two hundred and fifty at Divine Service is not uncommon. At Sao Leopoldo, which came under the archdeacon's care in May of last year, the Sunday School has been reopened, the Woman's Auxiliary reorganized and a vestry elected. The congregation owns a fine lot on one of the principal streets on which they very much wish to build a chapel. At Viamao the work is hampered by the small size of the church, built for the needs of twenty-five years ago. At Livramento, where the Reverend Mr. Sergel is at work, the bishop recently confirmed forty-eight persons.

News and Notes

FOR many years our Church in Shanghai conducted Saint Mary's Orphanage. Many a Chinese girl owes her rescue from a life of pain and degradation to Saint Mary's. The Orphanage was closed some time ago, and most of the remaining girls were transferred to Epiphany School at Soochow. This, while not exclusively an orphanage, provides a simple Chinese education for girls of all sorts and kinds, especially those from less privileged families. Bishop Graves, therefore, hopes that all the old friends of Saint Mary's will transfer their affection and their aid, given generously and loyally through a long period, to Epiphany School, Soochow.

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IN a recent letter the Reverend Elwood L. Haines, our missionary in Liberia, whose article on page 567 of this issue will be read with much interest, says: "I am greatly interested in the subject of translation and the teaching of the Vai characters in the school. We are now working on Saint Mark's Gospel, and I hope that by the time a press is established at Cape Mount or Bendoo we will have this completed and turned into the native characters. I am at present undertaking to get type of the Vai characters made. Certainly we can hope to accomplish very little until we are able to give the Bible and the Prayer Book and Hymnal to these people in their own tongue".

*

EARLY in June Chinese soldiers in Ichang and Wuchang broke from the control of their officers and began to loot Chinese homes in both cities. It was their only way of protest against the failure of the central government to pay the wages due them. Bishop Roots, reporting on the situation, says: "Our property as well as lives were for the most part entirely free from damage. There were two instances in Wuchang where we suffered to some extent, namely, at the little girls' school

near Trinity Church and connected with it in Wuchang, where Miss Sibson was living. She and the girls barely escaped by the back door before the soldiers broke through the front door, and they passed about five hours until dawn hiding in a neighbor's poor little hut. We are grateful that they suffered no other damage than about \$500 worth of property. Saint Mark's lost communion silver and vestments to the value of about \$80."

MISSIONARY SPEAKERS

FOR the convenience of those arranging missionary meetings, the following list of clergy and other missionary workers available as speakers is published.

It is hoped that, so far as possible, provision will be made for the travel expenses of speakers.

The secretaries of the Department of Missions are always ready, so far as possible, to respond to requests to speak upon the Church's general work at home and abroad. Address each officer personally at 281 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

When no address is given, requests for the services of the speakers should be addressed to Speakers' Bureau, 281 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

ALASKA

The Reverend Guy 'D. Christian.

CHINA

The Reverend Lloyd R. Craighill.
Mrs. Craighill
The Reverend S. Harrington Littell
Miss Alice Gregg.
The Reverend C. F. McRae.
The Reverend Y. Y. Tsu, Ph.D.

JAPAN

The Reverend Norman S. Binsted.
The Reverend W. J. Cuthbert.

LIBERIA

Bishop Overs.
The Reverend W. M. Ramsaur.
Mrs. Ramsaur.
Miss M. S. Ridgley.

PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

Mrs. A. B. Parson.

THE DEPARTMENT OF RELIGIOUS EDUCATION

WILLIAM E. GARDNER, D.D., EXECUTIVE SECRETARY

RELIGIOUS EDUCATION AND THE ADULT

By the Reverend Lester Bradner, Ph. D.

BY virtue of prevalent practice religious education in the systematic sense stops with adolescence—that is, in the Episcopal Church. In most of our sister communions the Church School has no age limits—classes of adults are the rule—the grown-ups often outnumber the youngsters. With us adult classes are few and far between, and seldom large. There is a general sense that the adult has completed his education religiously and needs no further amplification of spiritual knowledge.

This at least was true yesterday—but today there are new voices calling.

In the first place, the Church is doing new things in a new way, and many sincerely want to know about them. The field of group study is widening. The Nation-Wide Campaign has introduced a new type of adult education in religious things. It is not education in the old sense, not a study of Bible or Prayer Book, but a consideration of the life of the Church, with its aims and its methods. One does not exactly study. He reads or listens, thinks and joins in a general discussion. The result is not so much knowledge, as interest and intelligent cooperation. It is keeping abreast of the times in the religious sense.

In the second place, there is a fresh interest in the consideration of the mystical and devotional elements in religion. Here again it is hardly a question of elaborate study or research but an opening up of the living experience of religion on its inner side.

There may be, for instance, a presentation of the idea of prayer accompanied by actual exercises of prayer. Again the subject of group work is not a document out of the past but a real present activity.

Thirdly, there is a return to the consideration of the Bible, not so much because of the special character of the Book, but for the sake of discovering anew what its attitude is toward present activities or interests. What did our Lord teach about the future life? What were the social ideals of the prophets? What was the attitude of Saint Paul towards missions? There is a very large amount of real ignorance among adults on these points, and a growing desire to get back to the sources and see for oneself what is there to be found. It is really a case of rediscovering the Scriptures from a new angle.

Finally, there is the constant questioning of older ideas caused by the new theories of psychology, or physics, or biology. How are we to interpret the former standards and the traditional phrases of theology in the light of these new teachings from without? Here again there is a fresh interest in many honest and earnest minds who want to see the old Faith carried over into the new terms, and secure among the new theories.

From all these points of view, and perhaps from others as well, there is a genuine desire on the part of a considerable number of adults to pursue a process which may truly be called

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religious education. It is not a desire which would lead to week after week of continuous study, like the old-fashioned Bible class. Yet it is the index of a real interest and offers a hope of still greater things.

How shall the Church reach out to nurture and stimulate these many-sided desires? It is not an easy question to answer.

Shall we push upwards from the present graduation point in the Church School a series of courses for adults with some regular order and completeness together with abundant freedom of choice. It hardly seems as if this would meet the situation. The new desire is not yet for a systematic course of study, nor do the interested persons feel themselves closely identified with the processes of the School.

Shall we select or produce a considerable range of adult courses which may prove attractive, and make it widely known that such and such subjects are available for use in discussion classes? The difficulties of this plan are many. It is vague. Some one has to venture a guess as to what might be desired. And there is little to go by. Or it is expensive. For time and money may be spent in producing courses without any certainty as to whether they would be used, and the greater the variety the larger the total cost. Add to this the fact that there is no agreement as to the length of such courses.

There has been some consideration of a plan which would give breadth to some regular schemes for discussion classes, a suggestion that short courses be inaugurated twice or even three times a year by the parish group method, and that such courses progress through a fixed list of general Church interests or else be chosen out of a brief selected list over several heads. There seems to be a consensus of opinion that such courses should be dis-

tinctly short, five to seven topics or sessions.

This is an interesting attempt on the part of a representative committee from the province of New York and New Jersey to arrange a list of co-ordinated adult courses representing the three main activities of the Church—missions, social service, and education. It will take some time to complete this comprehensive scheme, and to ascertain its acceptability.

Our conclusions are in general as follows:

1. We should maintain as many classes of young people and adults in the Church School as possible. But there will always be other adult groups who will prefer meeting at other times and places. Every effort along either line will help the work in the other line. Both should be pushed.

2. More effort should be made to present a broad choice of topics in systematic form, so that every encouragement may be offered parish groups to undertake a wider range of religious discussion than has been possible in the past.

3. We need more experimentation in parish situations on particular points, viz.:

- (a) The topics which create most general interest.

- (b) The most desirable length of a course.

- (c) The season or seasons of the year when such groups may best be gathered.

Clergy who are working with adult groups could be of great service if they would report their experiences on the above items to the Department of Religious Education.

4. We assume that recent efforts indicate that shorter courses and the discussion method produce the most fruitful results.



COLLEGE GIRLS AT THE 1921 GENEVA SUMMER SCHOOL

Standing (left to right): Smith, Wellesley, Cornell, William Smith, Syracuse, Syracuse, Wellesley, Vassar, Rochester, Brockport Normal
Seated (left to right): Mount Holyoke, University of Michigan, Barnard, Wells, Syracuse, Brown, Rochester, Johns Hopkins

COLLEGE STUDENTS AT CHURCH SUMMER SCHOOLS

THE picture above shows the first real effort to get college students to the Church summer schools. It is the group of college girls who attended the Geneva Summer School, July 12-22. There were present at this conference fifteen girls now in college, two in normal schools and nine recent graduates. The colleges and normal schools represented numbered seventeen.

The credit for securing many of these girls goes to the Girls' Friendly Society. During the year an arrangement was effected between the Girls' Friendly Society and the National Student Council that, if the Council ar-

ranged a course of study at Wellesley and Geneva especially designed to train students who wanted to take up Church work, the Girls' Friendly Society would offer a special course in methods of their own work and would bring to the school at least ten college girls to take this class and certain portions of the training course. Owing to the fact that the positions in Church work were not as available as the National Student Council had expected, their end of the programme was not fully carried out, though the courses as advertised were given both at Wellesley and Geneva. The Girls' Friend-

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ly Society, however, brought to the Geneva Conference nine college girls and they proved in many respects one of the most energetic groups at the conference, entering with enthusiasm into recreation and pageantry. The training course was given by Mrs. Reginald Stevenson, *née* Mary E. Viney.

The experiment proved so successful and the girls said that they obtained so much from the school that in the future more vigorous efforts will be made to secure the attendance of college students at the longer Church summer schools. We are confident that this is an important step in providing for the future.

PLANS FOR RECRUITING FOR THE MINISTRY

THE situation with regard to the dearth of candidates for the ministry received considerable attention at the meeting of the Presiding Bishop and Council in Washington, July thirteenth. There was laid before the Council a plan drawn up by Doctor Stires of the Council and Mr. Micou, the secretary for college work of the Department of Religious Education.

Briefly stated the plan calls for selecting and sending into the colleges our strongest and most effective clergy and many of the bishops. The presentation of the appeal to the ministry is to be made on as broad a basis as possible and to as large an audience as the college can offer. After the general presentation the speaker may work especially with the students of our Church, but the appeal should not be limited to them.

The general basis of the appeal will be as follows: To represent that the recent war settled nothing in itself, that it merely gave the opportunity for establishing in national and world life the principles for which we fought; that this second stage of the conflict is infinitely the most important; that in it the Church takes the lead; that the Church needs officers (for it is now alarmingly undermanned); that the seminaries are "reserve officers' training camps" and that the call for volunteers is being sounded by the Church in the person of the speaker.

At the conclusion of the address a challenge will be given to those stu-

dents who are willing to give the ministry a fair hearing to meet the speaker at another meeting the same day or the next day. Those who will pursue the matter even further will be expected to attend one or more meetings in addition and have personal interviews with the speaker. In the course of his visit, as intimated, the speaker will try to reach Church students in a group through the rector of the college community or through the Church student organization.

Every natural line of approach to the college authorities will be followed, the speakers choosing those colleges with which they have points of contact. It seems better that the invitation come from the college authorities than merely from the local minister, as it thus secures a wider hearing.

During the fall the plan will be tried out on rather a small scale in certain eastern colleges in order to secure experience and build up good will among college people if the initial attempts prove successful.

The follow-up work with those who manifest interest in the ministry will be done by the speaker himself through correspondence, by visits to the college at a later time of young ministers who can meet the students personally, and by the bishops to whom the names will be reported. There is also under way a plan for registering students available for the ministry or Church work in each province.

THE DEPARTMENT OF CHRISTIAN SOCIAL SERVICE

CHARLES N. LATHROP, EXECUTIVE SECRETARY

THE GIRLS' FRIENDLY SOCIETY

By Alice L. Simrall

SOME fifty years ago there lived in England a woman whose life was shaped by two great motive forces—a vital faith in Jesus Christ as the Master of life, and a passion for girls. Living at a time when, in increasing numbers, girls were going into business and industry, Mary Elizabeth Townsend carried on her heart the welfare of the girlhood of her beloved England, and she recognized the problems which faced the girls who were leaving the shelter of the home and taking their places in the industrial world. With the rare insight of a keen mind and an understanding heart she saw that the needs of these girls could not be filled by a programme but must be met by principles. Because she was before all else an adherent to the Christian faith, a member of the Church of England, Mrs. Townsend turned to her Church, and in Lambeth Palace, London, in 1875, the Girls' Friendly Society was founded—founded to spread with amazing rapidity throughout Great Britain and America. It was formally organized in this country in 1886.

Mrs. Townsend's wisdom has been proved by the fact that after all these years the original objects and rules on which the Girls' Friendly Society was founded stand unchanged today. The sweeping changes of the last fifty years in the position of woman and the whole economic world have only proven the essential soundness of those foundation stones laid by this

far-seeing group of women in England.

The whole secret of the Girls' Friendly Society is that it is an organization which deals with the foundations of character rather than with a superstructure of activities. It lays down certain great fundamental principles and builds its programme to develop these principles.

There are four great principles—four great "Foundation Stones", if you will—on which we build, and to understand our society at all, these principles must be clearly stated and recognized. They are: friendliness, steadfastness, purity and the acceptance of a personal religious faith. That means that we definitely take these principles, we accept them as our standards, and we organize our whole life to promote their fulfillment. We would ask you to look a little more closely at these four principles:

Friendliness: Our very name speaks for us. The Girls' Friendly Society is for no one class, or creed, or race. It is the meeting place for all kinds of girls and women. In this day of sharp divisions which the complexity of modern life seems to enforce on us, the society stands for Christian democracy. The call has come to this generation to manifest the Master's dream of a brotherhood of man, but those who think know that we cannot love our brother until we know him, or at least we cannot express that love. The obligation to know each other is

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pressing upon us with increasing necessity. The Master commanded it and unless we can achieve it we have failed in the cause of Democracy and the coming of the Kingdom of God is again put back.

It is for just that thing that we stand when we use that old word "Friendly." In every branch, large and small, all over the world, you find groups of women and girls from every walk of life, in every sort of work, with every kind of background, of all creeds and all ages, gathered together in *friendship*, coming to know and care for one another, the woman with the gifts which leisure and education have brought her, learning from and loving the woman with perhaps the greater gifts which are the fruit of her toil for her daily bread.

Steadfastness: A newer translation of that great word of Saint Paul's reads "Let us run with steadfastness (or endurance) the race which is set before us." That quality of holding steady in the great pressure of life, of thinking through our obligations in business, in family, in all the great relationships of life—this is our second foundation stone. It is stressed in our objects, in our prayer, in our pledge, it is held before us constantly that only the character which builds up within itself strong walls of self-control can stand the strain of life's tempests of passion and floods of desolation and destruction.

Purity: The thinking world to-day is facing with grave apprehension the shifting moral standard. Times change, but the great moral truths stand as essential through all ages, and the men and women of today know, as they knew a generation ago, that the very life of the nation is dependent upon the morale of its women. The girl of today needs as she has never needed before to have moral values clarified, to be shown the standard of pure clean living and helped to meet that standard. The Girls' Friendly

Society girl knows what her promise "to earnestly strive after personal purity in thought, word and deed" means. She knows that her badge is her testimonial of character and it is her pledge to stand wherever she is for the highest standards of womanly character.

Personal Religion: The last great foundation stone is our Christian inheritance. The Girls' Friendly Society is distinctly a religious society. It bears witness to the truth that a personal religious faith is necessary to the fulfilment of life. It was founded under the Church of England, and is a Church society organized only in connection with the Episcopal Church, national, provincial, diocesan and parochial. It cannot be organized in the diocese without the consent of the bishop. It cannot be organized in the parish without the consent of the rector. Its leaders, whom we call "associates," must be communicants of the Episcopal Church. The rector is *ex-officio* head of the parish branch and his approval must stamp the branch programme. But the society is in no sense an instrument to bring members into the Church. It freely and frankly not only admits members from other communions, but welcomes them; it strives only to give each girl the sense of her need of a renewal or an awakening of her spiritual life—making her a more devoted member of the church to which she belongs. The whole life of the society, through the hymn, the prayer, the pledge, through services, work and classes, tries to give to the girl two things, first, a realization of the need of the soul for a personal relationship with God; second, a recognition of organized Christianity, the Church, as the great normal way to enter into the relationship.

The organization follows that of the Church. The parish branch is the unit for which the whole organization exists, and there are seven central departments, the national reser-

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voirs from which the branch may draw for strength and help.

These departments are: (1) Commendation: which means transferring the member from branch to branch, from city to city, or country to country. The "G. F. S. Member" is never a stranger in a strange land. (2) Candidates: which means a plan and a programme for the little girls, protecting and training and guiding them until they are old enough to become members. (3) Missions: which stands not only for work, for hospital beds, for scholarships, for boxes and barrels, but for the interpretation to thousands of our great, flaming, Christian watchword. (4) Social Service: which has many sides. It is organized to serve our girls and other girls through lodges, rest rooms, lunch rooms, etc., to educate them through classes, lectures, and various activities, to open their eyes to a sense of their responsibility for the serving of others and to give them an opportunity to render that service. (5) Literature: is an open door into a wealth of untouched resource and a guide in digging out the treasures. (6) Holiday House: means vacation times, means houses in almost every diocese, in mountains and meadows, by rivers and oceans, where tired minds and bodies are rested, and where new friendships are formed and old ones cemented. And (7) Extension: our newest department, which has grown like the magic beanstalk, is carrying the Friendly standard all over this broad land, planting little new branches in country and city parishes, organizing in dioceses, and strengthening the weak spots in the already organized places. You will see that the life of these seven departments flows through four great channels, education, recreation, service to others, Christian fellowship. The Girls' Friendly Society stands for the building of character, and holds that any man or woman who has not entered into all of these four essential experi-

ences cannot attain to the full measure of his or her stature.

We began with our platform and our national organization and we will close with the branch, the heart, the center, the cause for which the rest came into being.

A branch of the Girls' Friendly Society bears the name of the parish in which it is organized. No attempt is made to gain uniformity. The standards of the Society must be adhered to, and certain fundamentals of organization must be recognized and after that the branch may develop to meet the needs of its own community.

The National Society provides forms of organization for girls of all ages. The highly developed Branch will have afternoon meetings of the Candidates Class, when the little girls under twelve or fourteen will gather in the Parish House school and, with the leadership of young Churchwomen, through a programme of organized play, classes, work, services and friendship, will be guided and taught the lessons of cleanliness and honesty and self-control and Christian love. When these little girls are fourteen or fifteen they will be admitted into the Friendly, and they will be guarded and cared for and steadied through those palpitating, crucial years of adolescence.

As our girl grows older she turns to the Branch for her changing needs, —a place to make and to meet friends, a chance for self-expression through work and play and study—her own place where she is sure of sympathy in her good times and her hard times and, perhaps even more than all, an opportunity for development through an organized life.

Then as our girls marry they may form themselves into their own little separate organization, still a part of the Branch, where the young mothers gather together on an afternoon, bringing their babies with them, where these young housekeepers may be helped in all the first difficult prob-

lens that face the business woman when she lays aside her typewriter for the unaccustomed broom and dishpan. The babies are put on a Cradle Roll.

The Girls' Friendly Society is so planned that in fully organized Branches the whole round of the life of the girl is touched. But for many parishes this full development is not possible and there may be perhaps just the Candidates' Class which is in the process of growing into a Friendly Society or the Junior group, or even just the older members. It is the task of each parish to face its own position, its community responsibility, its opportunities, its kind of girls and their needs and then to organize to meet its own conditions.

In considering the life of the Girls' Friendly Society it must always be recognized that the work is never done *en masse*. The whole emphasis is on personal friendship, each member is known individually, and she takes her own place, giving and receiving, helping and being helped, not a cog in a machine but a recognized member of the family.

It is hard for one who truly knows the Girls' Friendly Society to try to tell of it in one short article. It is very many-sided, but I would have you remember it primarily as a religious society. It is a Church Society organized only by the Church, taking its place in the life of the Church, a part of the Church Service League, co-operating with other Church organizations.

But though it is not alone for our own Church girls and it is not primarily for the giving of religious education, yet those of us who believe in it and love it feel that the Girls' Friendly Society stands as one of the Church's great opportunities, one of her pressing responsibilities. We feel that the Church has a great community responsibility toward the girls of our land, because we claim to be the Body of the living Christ. There is no way in which

we can measure our responsibility toward our neighbor save by the example of our Lord and Master. We see Him walking through the world, and if we look we see that He had two ways of meeting and dealing with people; a certain small number He called to be His direct followers, to leave their families, their work, their play, and follow Him and be His co-workers; on those few He placed the responsibility for bringing the Kingdom of God to the world. That was His first way, and the second;—He went up and down the land, through the cities and the countrysides, ministering to the human needs of all that He saw, feeding, teaching, healing, here supplying the wine for the wedding feast, there giving back the child to its sorrowing parents. He carried the burden of the needs of the world because He was the Son of the all-loving Father. No lines were drawn. No barriers were put up. The human need and the Divine power to meet that need, these alone counted, and He drew together His disciples, that first beginning of the Christian Church, that through His eyes they might see these human needs, and through His strength might meet them.

His Church has still that Divine power within itself and the Girls' Friendly Society believes that we, as a Church, have something to give to the girlhood of this country which we alone can give. The "Friendly" sees the long lines of girls waiting—young and old, gay and sad, patient and restless, strong and weak—waiting, though they may know it not, for the Master to come and company with them.

How can they see His presence, feel His love, if we, His disciples, go not forth with outstretched hands? So the Girls' Friendly would stand as the channel through which His spirit may freely flow from His Church out into the lives of the girls and women of today. Through human friendship, it would bear its witness to the Master's Divine love.

THE DEPARTMENT OF THE NATION-WIDE CAMPAIGN

WILLIAM H. MILTON, D.D., EXECUTIVE SECRETARY

A LAYMAN ON THE NATION-WIDE CAMPAIGN

Report Made to the Pittsburgh Convention by Mr. H. D. W. English,
Chairman of the Missionary Committee of the Diocese.

WE have left until the last what we have to say about the Nation-Wide Campaign because, as our past year's effort largely grew out of its spirit, which we have honestly endeavored to maintain and to inculcate, so it is in the spirit of the Nation-Wide Campaign that we would have you face this year and the future. Had we time to tell you in detail concerning the actual campaign and canvass of last fall, much of it would be encouraging, some would tend to discourage you, while still some few facts might be even disconcerting. Some congregations—alas! some few of the clergy—have not yet either seen the vision or caught the spirit. Without having tried they know beforehand that the Nation-Wide Campaign will not work. Unfortunately for such a prejudgment, the fact is that it does work and that neither our own Church nor any other has ever experienced a more leavening, empowering influence than that of the Nation-Wide Campaign, where it is carried out with enthusiasm.

The best testimony is the witness itself. Within our own immediate observation are two criteria for judgment—the effect upon the diocesan work and the effects in those parishes where the campaign has been seriously made. Of the former we must leave you yourselves to judge, because we have

been your agents in the cause. And we let the parishes speak for themselves. We would, however, repeat to you certain unprompted expressions taken at random from the parochial items of the last *Church News*: “The largest class ever confirmed”; “Nearly 90% of the resident communicants were present on Christmas”; “To pay the Nation-Wide quota in full”; “Christmas was never better”; “Some events took place that have never happened before in this parish”; “The annual canvass has brought gratifying results”; “The meeting for reports was a veritable jubilee”; “Larger attendance and renewed interest in Church work”; “The first year in the history of the parish in which it was not necessary to borrow money”.

Fellow members of the Church, the Nation-Wide Campaign is not merely a command of the Church; it is not even primarily a drive for funds; it is by no means a burden or a task. It is an opportunity. An opportunity for us to throw off the lethargy of habit and the constraint of ultra-conservatism. An opportunity for us to become real ambassadors for Christ. An opportunity for us to receive, as we cultivate it, the Spirit of Christ. An opportunity for Christ, through us, to make Himself known to every man and woman whom we meet.

Department of the Nation-Wide Campaign

There is naturally, inevitably, the financial side. We cannot promote even Christianity without means to promote. We cannot minister without the means for ministry. We cannot gather in without tools for threshing the harvest. We do not believe that a single Nation-Wide Campaign contributor is poorer for his gifts this year. We do believe him to be richer in many more ways than one. And there is this other aspect. Our first commission is to make disciples, or as our Saviour put it also in another way, to become fishers of men. Every disciple made, every man brought to faith, or to renewed faith, in Christ Jesus, himself becomes at once a source of material as well as spiritual assistance to the cause of Christ. The evident

result in material gain cannot, of course, be much in the first season of effort. Given ten years, however, or five, or even three, and we shall see how strongly the Church is building, through our weak effort, in spiritual and moral and material resources.

One final word, brethren. Christ Jesus came into the world to reconcile the world unto Himself, to win the world for Himself. That result must come, will come—may come for aught we know, within our very own day. There is really, therefore, but one question for us today, for us of the Episcopal Church, for us of this convention, to consider. Shall we participate in that result as an effect only or as a potent cause?

WHAT HAPPENED IN A SOUTHWESTERN CITY

IT may interest the readers of THE SPIRIT OF MISSIONS to know some of the results of the Nation-Wide Campaign in our parish.

Trinity Church budget, previous to the Nation-Wide Campaign, including all purposes both inside and outside the parish, was approximately a little less than \$9,000, and there existed less than one hundred regular subscribers. Expenses exceeded the budget each year by from one to three thousand dollars, and the deficit was made up by a few generous individuals in the parish. There was, however, deep earnestness manifested by a minority of the parishioners.

At the beginning of the present year, 1921, we have recorded 650 regular subscribers to both parish and Nation-Wide funds. Our recent campaign to secure a budget of \$24,000 met with practically instant success and at a cost of less effort than in any previous drive for funds known in the history of the parish. In addition to the organizations mentioned above there is an active Girls' Friendly Society and a Young People's Serv-

ice League that have revolutionized the life and activities of our young people. There is a rector's council consisting of the rector, vestry, and sixty-four adult members who meet at call and are available in any emergency that arises, and who are doing fairly regular work of a personal nature among the groups into which the congregation is divided. The rector has been given the service of a secretary, who gave her time at a salary of \$25 a month. On the first of January this salary was increased voluntarily to \$100 a month. The rector's salary has been increased \$50 a month three times since the beginning of the Nation-Wide work. The Sunday School is supported entirely by the vestry.

The congregation has increased at least 150 per cent and there is a live and deep spiritual atmosphere, while men are attending in such large numbers as to excite frequent comment.

In a nutshell, Trinity parish is grateful to God for the opportunities, the work, and the fruit that are an indisputable result of the Nation-Wide Campaign.

THE WOMAN'S AUXILIARY

TO THE PRESIDING BISHOP AND COUNCIL

BELLS! BELLS! BELLS!

The Daily Life of One United Thank Offering Missionary

By C. Gertrude Heywood

THE daily life of a "school marm" must necessarily be much the same the world over. It begins with bells and ends with bells and is dotted with bells all through. And probably school marms the world over would admit, if honest, that all of those bells do not ring equally joyfully in their ears.

The first bell to be heard in Saint Margaret's School, Tokyo, rings at 6:00 a. m. and I will leave it to your imagination as to the degree of joy it brings. It is the rising bell for the dormitory and as my small house is closely connected with the dormitory it serves to waken me too. In the dormitory the life is purely in Japanese style, but in my little house I have my own breakfast, and usually along with the last bit of toast and coffee comes another bell. This time it is the church chimes, ringing out and calling the boys of Saint Paul's dormitory and the girls of Saint Margaret's to prayers in the cathedral. The boys sit on one side, and the girls on the other for a shortened form of morning prayer which usually ends a little before eight o'clock.

The regular bells of the school begin at half-past eight, to keep us busy with the definitely-planned day of a school. Four periods in the morning,

some filled with English teaching; some given to holding consultations with other teachers, or the carpenters about repairs or improvements; or to this, that and the other necessary routine in a school of four hundred and fifty or so girls.

When the noon bell rings almost simultaneously with the boom of the big cannon of the War Department by which we set our clocks, it is a poor victim of ill health who is not quite ready for dinner in the dormitory. The day pupils stay in their classrooms to eat their cold lunches while we fortunate fifty or so who live here find a hot meal, with nice white rice its chief item, waiting for us in the dormitory dining room.

If it is Bible-class day we must hurry a bit as the noon recess is shortened and the Bible-study period is put in before the afternoon classes. For several years I have taught the life stories of the Book of Acts. All the Bible teaching must be done in Japanese as the girls do not understand enough English. It is hard to be effective in a foreign language—and harder on the listeners than on the speaker.

The last school bell rings at three and the bells after that are the kind that weary teachers would like to obey but can't—for instance, the nine

The Woman's Auxiliary

o'clock retiring bell. If it is Tuesday afternoon I hurry home after school to be ready for the ten other Bible-class teachers, who gradually congregate around my dining room table. We go over the lessons for the next week, settling on the point to be aimed at in each lesson and the method of presentation. This means a good many hours of preparation on my part to be ready for the different courses. After the lesson is over, we have tea and much talk and break up between five and six o'clock.

•If it is Friday afternoon again I must hurry home, this time to receive the older girls who may drop in for tea and talk. There usually are ten or fifteen and in these gatherings we try to get better acquainted and also to start the custom of coming, with the hope that they will keep it up after graduation.

Japanese girls are good stayers so I am fortunate if I can get a breath of fresh air before an early dinner, usually cut short by the ringing of the dormitory bell announcing the weekly meeting of the *Ai-shin Kwai*, which corresponds a little to a Junior Auxiliary meeting. The older girls take charge by turn, but the missionary talk is given by one of the teachers. This is inevitable because there are no books in Japanese available for the girls. At present we are studying the life of John Peyton. At other times we have studied *Livingstone*, *Mary Slessor* or some mission study book. After the hymns, Bible reading, talk and prayers, work and chat begin. During the war we rolled endless bandages. Now we are pasting paper bags, selling them for two or three yen a thousand and laying by funds for famines in China, refugees in Russia, day nurseries in Tokyo or any other good work that we can help with our mite.

Such is a glimpse of the life of a United Thank Offering missionary who is in a girls' school. Fifteen to

twenty hours a week of English teaching, Bible classes, general management of the school, accounts, etc., are some of the outstanding features. It is a life of girls and bells, with exercise, recreation and rest sliced in to help one in responding to the calls of the bells and to the desires of the girls for friendship, sympathy and guidance.

THE OCTOBER CONFERENCE

THE conference for October will be held on Thursday, the twentieth, preceded by the celebration of the Holy Communion at 10:00 A. M. in the chapel at the Church Missions House.

The subject of the conference will be *The Fiftieth Anniversary of the Woman's Auxiliary* and we are hoping that it may be a very happy occasion and attended by as many officers and friends of the Auxiliary as possible.

THE twenty-sixth local assembly of the Daughters of the King in Colorado was held on June fourteenth in the chapter house of Saint John's Cathedral, Denver. Reports were received from four chapters. Mrs. Lamb gave an account of the council meeting in New York last April which she had attended as a delegate. She reported that the Daughters have not only supported a missionary in China, as pledged, but have sent sufficient money in addition to pay for two Bible women. It was decided to take prompt steps toward affiliation with the Synod of the Sixth Province. A resolution was adopted pledging the organization to use its influence for the betterment of present social conditions. The assembly closed with an inspiring talk by Canon Beckerman on the need for a reviving of our spiritual life. "We live up to the Ten Commandments, but we must try to live up to the Sermon on the Mount."

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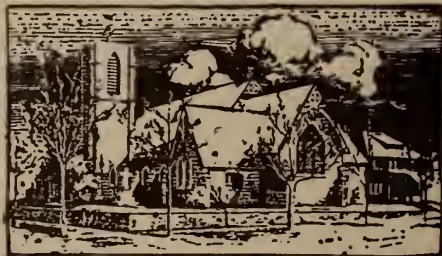
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